THE DAYS DOINGS.

Illustrating Current Events of Romance, Police Reports, Important Trials, and Sporting News.

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PAGANISM IN NEW YORK, AND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—THE OFFERING OF SACRIFICIAL RITES TO MERCURY IN A PRIVATE CHAPEL ATTACHED TO A PALATIAL RESIDENCE ON MADISON AVENUE.

THE DAYS' DOINGS.

Office: 214 Centre Street.

NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1869.

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THE WEEK.

SHALL forty millions of dollars be Secretary of the Treasury, or shall forty millions NOT be Secretary of the Treasury? This question has agitated of late the public American mind, to the exclusion of all other topics. Certainly, Mr. A. T. Stewart, having made forty millions of dollars for himself, should, *a priori*, be presumed to be able to manage several times four hundred millions of dollars for Uncle Sam. But, on the other side, the politicians are against him, and precedents are against him, and the law is against him, and his resignation is said to be in the hands of President Grant, though he has nobly signified his readiness to sacrifice his enormous income for the good of the country.

After all, what is a Secretaryship to the man who could buy a kingdom (in Europe), if so disposed. And, after all, what is the Presidency itself when it cannot even secure its possessor a seat in his own pew at the Methodist Church in Washington? Truly, spite of all our occasional snobbery, we ARE a democratic people, and as prone to rudeness as to flunkeyism.

Meanwhile, New York is very gay, and comparatively good. We hear no more, for a day or so, of the carnival of crime, and abroad, too, the world is quiet. It is a week of lull—a Sabbath week of rest. Would we had more such Sabbaths.

IDOLATRY.

Paganism in New York.—The Heathens of the United States of America—Chinese Rites—Negro Superstitions—And Mythological Revivals.—A Strange and Startling Scene.

IT is a popular belief that Christianity is the established religeon of the civilized world and that the old Paganism has long since been destroyed, buried, and forgotten, but like all popular beliefs this must be taken *cum grano salis.* True it is that the vast majority of the inhabitants of America and Europe profess at least a respect ror Christianity, but equally true it is that the majority ot the same inhabitants do not *practice* Christianity and that a certain percentage of them do not even so much as believe in its doctrines and are either quietly or openly, infidels, skeptics, free-thinkers, positivists or what you will, but certainly not Christians.

It is still further true that, strange, startling at it may seem, even at the present day, even in the year of our Lord 1869, even in the very centre of so-called enlightenment, the great city of New York, there exists a number of not only practical but actual heathen, of (professedly) pagans who cherish their own peculiar superstitions or creeds and who adhere to their own idolatrous rites of worship. These nineteenth century civilized pagans embrace in the city of New York three distinct classes of beings. The Chinese, the lower order of negroe's and the mythologists, who still profess a faith in the poetical fables of ancient Greece and Rome. Let us consider each of these three classes in their order.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CONFUCIUS.—THE CHINESE OF NEW YORK.

Not many years ago the Fourth Ward was the home of an extensive Chinese colony, who filled Cliff street, Rose street, and kindred localities, but of late their numbers have lessened, from causes too many and too minute to mention in detail. A hundred or so of peddlers, and a hundred or so of sailors are all that remain of China in New York; but as one half of this number are married men with families, the whole Chinese population of the metropolis may be estimated at about four hundred souls. It is by no means complimentary to our boasted Christian civilization, but it is nevertheless true, that although the Chinese may be theoretically Pagans, they are, so far as their lives are concerned, better than the average of the Christians—at least of the Christians of the Fourth Ward.

Only one murderer has been known among them, and although they will not hesitate to cheat when they have the chance, they seldom figure in the police reports, even as sneak thieves or as the perpetrators of petit larceny. They are inveterate gamblers, but they only play among themselves and after their own pecular fashion; so that, on the whole, if they are an insignificant, they are also an inoffensive, portion of our population.

They peddle or work all day, as other men, and at night they return to their families or their boarding houses and devote themselves with assiduity to cards and opium.

AN OPIUM DEN.

In Cherry street, No. 55, there is a Chinese establishment which, though it has been denominated "an opium den," is in reality a boarding house. Still, the former title is fully deserved, as it is but little better than a "den," and is certainly narcotized. Its interior presents at night a curious spectacle. Around the sides are bunks or berths, arranged somewhat like the sleeping boxes in the lower cabins of our Sound steamers, and the room is literally packed with Chinese and semi-Chinese, semi-Irish humanity. The shrivelled Pagans are disposed around in various attitudes, playing with their long cards, chattering, laughing, and gesticulating, and all of them smoking opium, the fumes of which will absolutely narcotize the casual visitor if he remains any length of time, and which produces a partly exhilerating, partly dreamy effect upon the votaries themselves. Other fumes besides those of opium are on the air, and a decidedly unsavory smell—like that of garlic, onions, and a stable yard combined—floats to the unwilling olfactories of the stranger. There is "a plentiful lack" of cleanliness, and the eyes of an American housewife would see many terribly disorderly things; still there is naught positively disgusting and naught positively wretched, and not the slightest suggestion of absolute crime, so that it may be safely stated that there are many worse haunts and "holes" in the Christian portion of the Fourth Ward than a Chinese "opium den."

In regard to their religious rites a few of the more devout Chinese are in the habit of worshipping their gods or josses under difficulties in the privacy of their domestic life; but the majority of these Orientals have merged into a state of indifference, both as to their own species of Paganism and our variety or varieties of Christianity. And suggesting them to our missionaries as decidely difficult subjects for conversion, we pass to a brief notice of the heathen portion of the negro population of the metropolis."

THE NEGROES OF NEW YORK AND THEIR AFRICAN SUPERSTITIONS—"ROOTING" AND "SNAKE-EYED MARY."

THE negroes of New York are waiters, or caterers or white-washers, or plasterers, or washerwomen, or stewardesses, and are generally quiet and inoffensive. In fact, in a police point of view, they are unexceptionable as a class. In comparison to their respective numbers three arrests are made of white men to one arrest of a colored man and brother, and considered by themsalves, the negroes of the metropolis are by no means the most disgraceful or dangerou element of its population.

Their standard of intelligence, though far below that of the average white, is yet above the range that would be generally supposed, and they are deeply imbued with a religious spirit. In some cases this religion is simply superstition of the grossest character, totally inconsistent with the strides of Christianity. In fact, approximatedly computed, it may be stated that about 250 negro men and women (more men than women, however,) in this city of New York, are as grossly benighted, in a religious point of view, as are any of their naked brethern and sisters in the wilds of Africa.

"There exists upon the romantic territary known as Long Island an old negress who is known as Snake-eyed Mary. She is a goddess and a charmer—a divinity and a doctress combined. She is potent with spells and mighty with herbs; she holds in her black hand the issues of life and death—so her black believers think, and they act accordingly. They visit her in awe and trembling, and even fall down prostrate in worship before her. Not long ago the coachman of a prominent New York politician—a fellow dark as the ace of spades—while driving on Harlem lane, leaped from the carriage and refused to proceed forther till a stick was removed from the road, which stick, he alleged, had been placed there by Snake-eyed Mary to injure him, and to ride over which or to touch which with his own person would have involved his certain death.

"And not long ago, at one of our police courts, a case even more singular transpired. An emaciated negro claimed the protection of the law against the designs of a surly black fellow, his enemy, who had betaken himself to Snake-eyed Mary, procured a liquid, sprinkling which around the stable where the complainant was employed, he had been enabled, so the plaintiff stated, to ruin his health and so to distract his senses, as to render life a burden. And this in New York and in the year 1869.

There are also several darkies in this great city who earn a comfortable living as "policy dreamers," announcing to their highly colored and credulous patrons what numbers and combinations of numbers, what gigs and saddles, &c., will be lucky and draw prizes, and from Snake-eyed Mary and similar sources do these enlightened prophets draw their inspiration."

The negroes, however, like the Chinese in our midst, are generally destitute of education, and beside all this, in the case of the latter the Paganism is, as it were, derived from their far-off native land, or inherited from their ancestors; but what shall be said of those who, educated and accomplished, refined and fashionable, with white skins and Caucasian associations, are yet devoted to the effete idolatries of Greece and Rome? And yet such idolators do exist, in the very midst of our churches and our Sabbath schools, within the sound of our Sabbath bells—although their existence is a profound mystery to the many—a secret to all but the initiated few.

THE IDOLATORS OF NEW YORK—THE WORSHIP OF ANCIENT ROME AND GREECE REVIVED IN OUR MIDST.

Thus, a well-known scholar and professor of the classics, who resides in the upper portion of the city, and who is the centre of a large circle of admiring friends, protesses to believe (and confesses his belief to his intimates) that there is much truth as well as beauty at the basis of the ancient mythology. Another gentleman, well versed in ancient literature, goes still further, and absolutely offers libations and sacrifices to the gods of Greece, statues of whom are to be seen distributed in liberal profusion throughout his dwelling; while a third gentleman, of "eccentric turn of mind"—at least let us charitably trust so—is at the present moment employed upon a work "On the Evidences of the True Divinity of the Ancient Mythologies."

Not only men but women are embraced in this category of modern Pagans. One of the most charming of our local poetesses asserts charmingly, in a letter to a friend, that she looks upon the old religions as she looks upon the roses, and upon the modern creeds as she does upon the lilies, and that for her part she does not admire the lily half so much as the rose. While a lady of high social position in our midst openly states that Christianity is only another form, and an objectionable one, of ancient so-called Paganism. Nay, more than this can be alike asserted and substantiated, and is also illustrated in our front page engraving.

A certain palatial residence on Madison avenue has attached to it a species of small chapel, with stained glass windows; urns of fragrant essence and exquisite statues of the ancient gods scent and adorn it; flowers add to its beauty, and the *tout ensemble* of the chapel is charming—soft, poetical, as well as in no slight degree imposing.

And within this chapel a few weeks since on a Christian Sabbath morning one of the strangest scenes ever witnessed in the strange city of New York, transpired.

A number of men and women assembled themselves together for purposes of worship. A number of intellectual, educated, classically trained gentlemen and ladies of rank and fashion came together for devotional exercises. A priest and a priestess were present, but the worship was not that of the Christian divinity. The devotion was not of the orthodox persuasion; the officiating ministers were not ordained in any known religious denomination. The faith here practiced in this gorgeous private chapel by these fashionable and intellectual New Yorkers was that of the Ancients. The religion here honored upon this Sabbath in the metropolis of America, was the same creed which had been transmitted from time immemorial to Homer, and from that blind old bard to the era of Socrates and Plato, and which had found a parallel in the land and in the days of Cincinattus and of the Cæsars. In other phrase, the chapel was devoted to Mythological Paganism, and the worshippers assembled within were the Pagan votaries of an exquisit, but exploded mythology.

The congregation being ready and awaiting further developments, a sheep was brought into the chapel, a meek, dumb, soft-eyed sheep, who was led to the statue of Mercury, and was there by the fair priestess (clad in the graceful and commanding vestments of ancient Rome, and standing with uplifted knife) sacrificed to the heathen god.

Said we not truly that this Sabbath sacrifice to the god Mercury, in a private chapel on Madison avenue, in the Christianized city of New York, in the year of our Lord 1869, was one of "the strangest scenes ever witnessed in that strange city?"

The Mi-Careme (or Mid Lent) Ball—The Masquerade of the Societe des Bals d'Artistes—Accidents and Incidents—Amusing Episodes, etc.

THE Theatre Francaise, Fourteenth street, New York city, contained more Paris within its walls on Thursday night, March 4th, than any other establishment in the American metropolis has ever contained before or since. And whatever else the Mi-Careme or Mid-Lent ball may or may not have been, it was certainly the most thoroughly and genuinely "masquerade" ball that has been as yet witnessed in New York.

In other affairs of the kind, during the season, the majority of people have been without masque, simply in full evening dress as spectators, rather than actors in the animated scene; but in this especial ball the great majority were themselves a picturesque part of what they themselves beheld; and where there was one without a disguise of some sort, there were ten in all sorts of disguises. This fact contributed greatly to the *eclat* of the spectacle and to the excitement of the spectators, which latter was, in course of time, materially increased by the introduction, amidst the ordinary features of a masquerade ball, of the novel element (to American eyes, at least) of a series of gymnastic exercises on the part of a number of the more fancifully and scantily costumed fair ones present, such as the leaping from the floor, or, rather, from the arms of the young men on the floor, to the proscenium boxes, or, rather, into the arms of the men within them.

The fun grew fast and faster; the scene, as well as the music, waxed "louder" and "louder," until just as a beautiful young girl in page costume is clambering into a proscenium box—

"Just as the dance and deviltry are at their zenith, while the eyes of bewitching hearts sparkle temptingly, while the air is full of light and limbs, a roar like that of thunder frightens the astonished and bewildered ears of the merry crowd, who are merry no longer; shrieks, cries, curses—perhaps a few prayers even—are ascending roofward together. Amazement sits upon every countenance; and suddenly some one shouts, 'The theatre is falling in!' while a few voices utter the awful cry of 'Fire!' The crowd rush in all directions, at the eminent risk of being crushed to death by their own rush. On all sides there is confusion and dismay. A few of the braver and wiser ones, however, by assuring everybody that there is no danger, contribute greatly to dissipate the only danger that really exists—that of a panic; for there is no fire, no falling in of the building, only the falling in of about one-third of the platform, and the consequent precipitation of about a hundred people a distance of several feet below the ordinary level, as if to compensate for the many feet which had been but just now as much above it.

"The truth concerning the accident is, that it was an almost marvellous instance of escape from danger and death. When the immense crowd is taken into consideration, like all modern miracles, it admits of a simple explanation. The floor fell gradually, rather yielding than falling at the first—and at its downfall was broken by the top of the seats, and then by the seats themselves, as they yielded to the pressure; so that by the time the platform reached the floor there was no crush at all, only a settling. Besides, the muscular agility of the audience was of the first degree of merit, and contributed to their preservation."

Order was soon restored out of chaos—and within a half hour the damage was repaired, the platform was reconstructed, and the dance and crush and the chaff and the spice and *la Vie Parisienne* recommenced.

Women were taken up bodily by the excited crowd, and borne in triumph on the hands and shoulders of a surging mass of wild hurrahers—more than this, even, although no other paper has so much as alluded to the fact—women threw themselves upon the backs of men and rode them, as men would ride horses, to and fro in the ballroom. And yet there was mingled with much that was indefensible so much of taste, elegance, and esprit, that though we condemn, we must yet, to a degree, admire.

Various amusing minor incidents could be recorded. Among others, the following:

The handsome, bright-eyed son of a well-known publisher, attired in a knightly suit of white cloth, with cloak and hat, and feather to match, and showing a well-developed limb, chaffed a sensational feuilletonist, who was promenading on the rear part of the floor, mask in hand, and finally set on a liberally-displayed fair one in Eve-like attire to chaff the feuilletonist aforesaid. The fair one slapped the cheek of the feuilletonist, and the feuilletonist, after an ineffectual sham fight, finding himself worsted, as shown in our engraving, ran for shelter to the unfloored portion of the parquet, but missing his footing, fell upon the iron top of a seat, one leg upon one side, and one upon the other. Of course the laugh at the situation of the feuilletonist was immense, and the triumph of the fair one correspondingly huge.

A young man in the early part of the evening, while happy with champagne, meeting a fair one, *incog.*, and enveloped in black, made love to her, when to his utter surprise he found that the fair mystery knew him by name, and was acquainted with his history and his family. Imagine his wonder and, to a certain extent, his confusion—but during his contemplation the mysterious fair one disappeared, and though he sought her during the balance of the evening, as Esau did repentance, carefully, like Esau, he found her not. The lady proved next day to have been his own wife.

A letter was handed, by a fair one in the boxes, to a gentleman on the floor, both parties being masked, and apparently strangers to each other. On opening the note, the gentleman found that it contained an unpaid account against his wife from her dress-maker, who had taken this singular opportunity to present her little bill—*in person.*

A popular artist, attired in a grotesque costume, with a male Grecian bend, also created, while upon his "bender," a considerable degree of amusement.

The incidents and episodes given in this article will afford our readers a genuine idea of the Mi-Careme ball—whose general character has been thus summed up by a cotemporary journal:

"The entertainment given by the Societe de Bal d'Artists at the Theatre Francais last Thursday evening, was the most thoroughly genuine French ball ever held in America; and while it contained all the objectionable features of the simon pure French ball, was also characterized by all its spicy, elegant, merry, vivacious, sparkling and good-natured points. While there was indecency ad libitum, there was not the slightest attempt at physical disturbance, or what the Americans style classically a "muss" or row. While there was indelicacy, there was no indecorum—and absolutely no intoxication. While the Society represented was in its range like Paris itself, cosmopolitan and universal.

Calculating the number of persons present at 2.500 a reasonable estimate; while about 500 were, it must be confessed, of the lowest class of male and female humanity, the blackleg, the bruiser,

the pimp, the thief, and the wanton; about 1,000 were of the higher grade of what is denominated fast men and women, while the remainder were citizens of the highest respectability, who honored the ball with their presence, and by their presence contributed alike to its tout ensemble and its morale.

Whipping in the North.

"To spare the rod will spoil the child," said Solomon; but, despite of his being called the wisest man that ever lived, Solomon not only did, but said many foolish things, and this is one of them. More children are ruined through excess of severity than through mistaken indulgence, and although the rod or physical correction is a useful adjunct to school discipline, it should be the *dernier resort*, not customary one. Pupils who can be only beaten into obedience will seldom be obedient without a beating. Severity on one side only begets stubborness or deceipt upon the other, and certainly in the case of females the lash seems totally out of place. Woman was made for softness, for affection, for all that is gentle and beautiful in life, and to apply to her delicate organization the same harshness which may occasionally be of service in the case of a delinquent male, is an outrage upon civilization. Yet such outrages are constantly being perpetrated, especially in New England schools, where some of the cases of female whipping which have been recently exposed equal in atrocity any instances of barbarity known to the history of Southern slavery. In the instance of woman-whipping which is recorded below, the women whipped were undoubtedly to blame for indiscretion, and deserved chastisement, but on the other hand there were various other methods of punishment much more appropriate than whipping, equally severe, and far more decent and less shocking to that physical as well as nervous delicacy which is one of the greatest charms of the sex.

The instance of woman-whipping to which we have referred, occurred in a female seminary not far from the enlightened city of New York, and is thus recorded in a letter written to us on the subject by one of the fair whippees.

[Eds. Days' Doings.]

May be, you'd like a counterpart to your spirited picture, "Dipping in the South," so I send you a sketch of "Whipping at the North," and I'll tell you what happened at a Female Seminary not a hundred miles away, one day this winter. The rules are rather strict there; but the girls love fun, and will have it, if they do run some risks; so, one bright evening, three of us managed to get permission to go out in the village, promising to be back before the nine o'clock bell.

Once out, we knew of other bells on the prancing horses waiting for us, and soon we were miles away on the snowy road. Free and full was the laughter, and highly were the ride and the supper enjoyed. But there must be an end at last; and, with some misgivings, we slowly stole up to the door, which, by rule, should have been locked hours ago—as it was.

But the monitress for the day had been seduced into showing us, at great risk to herself, the favor of watching for our return, and opening it to let us in. We were almost at the door of our rooms, when the glare of a small lamp fell upon our paling cheeks, and the assistant principal stood before us!

"Good night, ladies; you are up late to-night," was all she said, as she quietly noted our names and that of the monitress of the day; for it was a rule that that dignity carried with it a liability to double punishment if there were proof of connivance at any infraction of the rules. Bitter were our regrets and our thoughts of the morrow, for we well knew that we had incurred the risk of expulsion and disgrace. My own share in it all was the worst for me to think of, as it had been through my persuasion that Jennie M., the pet of the school, had alone been induced to go; and to her the thought of the disgrace was unbearable.

The next day brought the confirmation of our worst fears. The principal said she was very sorry, but the credit of her school demanded it of her to say that opportunity was not given *twice* to commit imprudencies, which *might* be even worse, and damage the fair fame of *all*, as well as ruin the characters of a few. But I strove to comfort the girls by saying that I would go myself and plead with her; perhaps she might commute the sentence.

"Oh, do!" said Jennie M., in an agony of trepidation—"anything but that! I'd rather be publicly reproved—yes, I'd rather be publicly *flogged*, than to go home that way."

Though, of course, she never thought of that in fact, for we were a trifle beyond the employment of corporal punishment, as a regular rule. But I went to try my luck as a negotiator, never suspecting such a curious coincidence of ideas as I found there had been. The principal did not seem astonished to see me, nor to hear my errand, though I *was* to hear her answer:

"I have been consulting Miss J. (the assistant principal, who had caught us); it seems that no one but yourselves and the monitress know of this matter; and, on the whole, we are willing to compromise it, and to retain you upon the same footing, rather than to make a public scandal by expelling you. But, since it is necessary to inflict a severe punishment, there is but one resort, since it must be *private* as well as severe: and that resort is the rod. It may seem a little out of place, considering your ages, but it is the only alternative, so you may speak to your companions; the monitress, I will attend to myself."

So back I went. The two girls were waiting between hope and fear, and eagerly asked the result of my embassy. Jennie was delighted.

"Say yes for *me*," she cried; "that is better than I hoped—only to be whipped in private."

But Lucy W. seemed less prompt.

"*Whipped!*—yes, but how?—where?—will we be asked to undress? and what will we be whipped with, and how many lashes will we get? I want to know now about it."

"Well, I'll go and ask; but I think, for Jennie's sake, that we ought not to stand on ceremony."

The result of this conference was not much in the way of enlightenment.

"You may say just this, that the chastisement will be severe, as I told you; and that implicit compliance will be expected with any requirements that may be made, in order to facilitate the thorough and convenient application of the instruments of correction."

With this ultimatum I returned, and having succeeded in convincing Lucy that it was about the best thing to submit, on our own account, to say nothing of poor Jennie, who would almost have been killed by the disgrace of expulsion, went back finally to state that we accepted the terms unconditionally.

"Very well; to-morrow being a holiday (Saturday), you may all come to my room when the girls are out after breakfast."

So we went down. Preparations had been made on a grander scale than we had anticipated: a small divan had been placed in the centre of the room, an ottoman was suggestively placed before a chair at one side, while the cushion from the divan and a pillow were lying on another, a large, armed easy chair, without rockers, and a riding whip, as well as a number of switches, were lying on the table. The principal and her assistant were there, and also the monitress, with a rueful face. Her dress was already unhooked, and she was untying her hoops, when we entered, so that we saw at once that Lucy's surmises were not quite without foundation.

"Now let us determine the order of exercises," said the principal. "Let us see—Miss R., here (the monitress) has two lessons to receive, so we will not begin with her; but I think Miss M., as the least culpable"—so, turning to Jennie: "be good enough to remove your clothing."

[Our fair correspondent, with painful minuteness of detail, proceeds to describe the castigation received by each of the youthful delinquents, but we will abridge the harrowing tale by giving the experience of only one of the lovely sufferers]:

The monitress, pale, and with trembling fingers, proceeded in silence to finish undressing. Garment after garment she took off, the last skirt was laid aside: we supposed that was all; but no, the white chemise next followed, and she stood in her drawers alone. Plump and broad-shouldered she was, but it was not to gaze on her elegant figure that she had been asked to expose it thus. She knelt on a rug by the divan, her face resting on her hands, her elbows on the seat. The assistant, taking up the riding whip, without a word, cut her sharply on the naked shoulders; she winced, as a red line marked the skin; *two!* and another distinct line was traced; *three!* and she moaned with the biting pain; and so on till fifty lashes had been bestowed, and the beautiful back and shoulders were marked with weals and streaks.

While we were busy in dressing to depart, we were lectured by the principal.

"You may be thankful," said she, "that you have no other punishment than this. I am glad that you were wise enough to submit to it in preference to the lasting disgrace of expulsion; it is, to be sure, an unpleasant trial, but it was necessary to punish you very severely in some way; and now your imprudence and your punishment for disobedience will not be known to any but yourselves and us; your standing in the school will be unchanged, for, an offence once expiated, I never retain a remembrance of or a grudge for it. Only you will be on your good behavior in regard to such things hereafter, for a repetition of a similar transaction would be followed by instant expulsion."

And so ended our stolen sleigh-ride and its consequences. Many a blush and many a fib was there afterward, when we met the beaux who escorted us; and great was the wonder (on their part) that we never would tell what happened after our return that night, though *we* don't so much wonder that we're not disposed to tell tales out of school; and maybe this confession will lessen the wonder as to whether school girls *do* get whipped now-a-days, for it shows that they are, and by their own consent.

Another Western Romance.

The spirit of romance is certainly active in the Mississippi Valley. A Kansas City paper furnishes the last romance:

A colonel in the Federal army before the war, fell in love with a pretty servant girl near Kansas City, and their love was plighted. The farmer, for whom the girl worked, had a daughter, and desired the colonel for a son-in-law. When the officer left, the farmer took the girl into a room and cow-hided her until she confessed that she was betrothed; he then took her to Chicago and there left her without friend or money, reporting that she had died of the cholera, and to complete the deception, making a false grave. When the war was over the colonel returned to Kansas City to learn the death of his beloved. He bathed her false grave with tears, and then left—a broken-hearted, disconsolate man. Last fall, in a street car in Chicago, he came across his love, long supposed to have been in the spirit world. Of course a marriage speedily followed.

The Last Poisoning Case in Paris.

Refinement in Murder—A Short Way to Dispose of Rivals—The Old Style of Assassination Revived.

Paris has been enjoying a sensation which recalls the *ancien regime*, and the age of the Borgias and Brinvilliers, when poisoning was a fine art practised by people of the first fashion. In those days a person would sometimes inhale the fragrance of a bouquet, or the fumes of a pastille, or place an innocent looking lozenge or bonbon in his mouth, and in a few minutes fall dead. To put a rival out of the way in as delicate and considerate a manner as would accord with his complete extinction, was a favorite study with certain prominent members of society, and they used to accomplish their object with neatness and dexterity. Now-a-days we do our murdering in a more brutal and positive manner, and the picturesque accessories of intriguing gallants, fiercely loving and fiercely hating ladies, villainous old alchemists, masked dominoes, the rendezvous, the laboratory, the duello, are wanting. We must seek for them in the pages of Sue or Dumas, in the thrilling romances of Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., or upon the stage devoted to the production of the sensational drama. They are so foreign to the time that a partial revival of them (restorations being the prevailing rage) has proved an unspeakable boon to the gossips and scandal-mongers of this city, who are discussing with infinite relish a poisoning case, or rather an attempt at one, which would have done credit to the experts of the sixteenth or seventeenth century.

The pleasure of the Parisians over this event is considerably enhanced by the fact that the parties are connected, directly or indirectly, with the most fashionable circles of the metropolis. The intended victim was the Duc de Bauffremont, a well-preserved gentleman of fifty, rich, distinguished-looking, and a favorite in society; and the would-be poisoner was a handsome young Polish Count, Zzidniakowski by name, who had conceived a passionate admiration for the Duchesse de Bauffremont. Of a wealthy and aristocratic family he was himself almost penniless, and seems to have lived on his good looks and his reputation as a rich young man about town. Of the lady who inspired his love we have no particular description, but that she is no longer in the first flush of youth may be inferred from the fact, that for the last fifteen years she has lived apart from her husband. Her *liaison* with the Count has been for some years notorious in Paris, and was regarded with complacency by the Duke, who, doubtless, found compensation for the infidelity of his wife. But the Count seems to have desired that the ties which bound him to the Duchess should be of a more permanent character than mere mutual affection. He wished to be married to her, and to effect that object it was necessary to put the Duke out of the way. The Duchess, if reports are to be believed, cordially sympathized with him in this desire, and may possibly have suggested the means for its fulfilment.

As the Duke had for so many years winked at his consort's improprieties, there seemed no hope of drawing him into a duel. He must, therefore, be assassinated, and in such a manner as to baffle the efforts of the police to discover the murderer. The Count determined to poison him, and chose for the scene of his operations the ball of the Grand Opera, where he supposed the deed could be most safely performed.

A compatriot, named Masson, a student of medicine, and an amateur confectioner, was prevailed upon to manufacture some bonbons containing a subtle and deadly poison. These it was proposed to have offered to the Duke at the ball by some fascinating but unknown young woman, whose invitation he could not refuse. A few moments after tasting them he would fall, writhing with pain, upon the floor, and expire. In the confusion of the moment it would be impossible for him to identify his murderer; he could only say that he had partaken of a poisoned bonbon offered to him by an unknown woman in a domino; and as there would probably be thousands of persons of that description present, the possibility of detecting the real criminal would be very slight.

The plan was an adroit one, but depended for its success mainly upon the woman selected to carry it into operation. Fortunately, the Count supposed that he knew just the person for that purpose.

This was a Madame Belval, familiarly known to a large and miscellaneous circle of acquaintances as Anna de Narbonne.

She is described as a tall, handsome blonde of twenty-four, with fine dark eyes, a slender figure, and a delicate physique. She is of humble origin; but her intercourse with the gay world has given her an external polish which effectually conceals her defects of education. Her carriage is fine, her movements full of grace, and her wit sprightly. Had she possessed the depraved heart for which the Count gave her credit, she was perhaps the woman of all others best suited to take the leading part in this dismal tragedy.

He visited Madame Belvel at her apartments in the Rue d'Enthievre, and asked her co-operation. He proposed to accompany her to the opera ball, and there point out a man whom she should try her best to fascinate.

"If you will induce him," he added, "to eat some bonbons from a box which I will give you, twenty thousand francs are yours."

"But what are these bonbons?" asked Madame.

"Nothing at all," replied the Count; "it is a mere carnival trick. The bonbons contain some apothecary's stuff which will compel the Duke suddenly to leave the ball. You shall have two dominoes, and can exchange one for the other in a twinkling after the Duke has eaten the bonbons. There is nothing to fear. Think of it! twenty thousand francs are not made every day so very easily."

But Madame Belval was too quick-witted not to know that so large a sum is not often earned for so trifling a service as giving an elderly gentleman a bonbon. But she kept her own counsel, and contented herself with extracting from the Count the name of the individual upon whom this innocent trick was to be played. To his request that she would write to him, appointing a rendezvous at the opera, she returned a flat denial, for the reason, as certain ill-natured persons assert, that her knowledge of writing or spelling was inadequate to the task.

The Count returned to Madame Belval's the next day, and told her that he had written in her name to the Duke to meet her at the ball, and would accompany her thither. A day or two later, upon being pressed by her, he confessed that he intended to poison the Duke.

"But you have nothing to fear," he said; "the death will be attributed to apoplexy, and to escape among a crowd of maskers will be the easiest thing in the world."

He again reminded her of the twenty thousand francs which would be hers, and making an appointment with her at her apartments at midnight of that evening, when the opera ball was to take place, he left her, in the firm belief that she would prove a ready instrument in his hands. It may be observed here that the Count possessed no such snm as twenty thousand francs, and that Madame Belval never received so much as a single franc from him for her services in this matter,

Scarcely had the Count taken his departure when Madame Belval jumped into a cab, and drove to the police headquarters. Her story seemed so improbable that at first it was not believed, but so earnestly did she reiterate its main facts that two Commissaries of Police—MM. Bellanger and Crepy—were induced to promise to visit her apartments that same evening. They were admitted by Madame herself, and came suddenly upon the Count in full ball dress, seated in the boudoir. Explaining their official character, they asked him if he had any bonbons about him. He handed them a small package containing perhaps a dozen.

"Very well," said the Commissary, "but where are the others?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Then we must search you."

"Do so," was the reply.

Upon his person were found a few francs and some trivial articles, but no more bonbons.

"Oh, I forgot to say," exclaimed Madame Belval, "that he has a friend waiting outside in a cab."

"The d—l you did," exclaimed the Commissary; "why didn't you tell us that before? The fellow has seen us go into the house and is probably off by this time."

Ascertaining the name of this confederate, M. Crepy quickly descended the stairs, and opening the door, called out, "Monsieur Masson."

"Well?" responded a domino, approaching.

"I arrest you," said the Commissary; "follow me."

Masson literally lost his head, and followed M. Crepy without the slightest resistance. The two men were then confronted in Madame Belval's boudoir.

"Is it true," said one of the Commissaries slowly to the Count, "that you intended to poison anyone?"

The Count hesitated a moment, and then replied, in a low voice, "It is true."

The prisoners were conveyed to headquarters in two cabs. Upon entering the building the Count espied some swords belonging to the police force placed in a rack against the wall.

"Are those blades well tempered?" he asked the officer accompanying him.

"They are," was the reply.

"Will you permit me to examine one of them?"

"By no means," returned the officer.

The prisoners have since been kept in close confinement, and the authorities have been busily engaged in collecting evidence against them. In the apartments of the Count was found a telegram from the Duchess de Bauffremont, the contents of which have not been made public, but which, it is rumored, will have a very important bearing on the case. In Masson's room some vials were discovered, supposed to contain various kinds of poisons. Masson declares that he is innocent of any criminal intent. He entered the plot, he said, simply to quiet the excitement of the count, and with no intention of poisoning the duke or any other person. He also denies that he put poison into the bonbons, but says that he only colored them after a peculiar manner. He warned M. Crepy to keep a strict watch over the Count, as he had reason to believe the latter would endeavor to make away with himself. Both prisoners are now closely confined in separate prisons, and have never been allowed to confer with each other since their arrest. Meanwhile the Duc de Bauffremont, the innocent object of this dark plot, has, by the advice of the police authorities, left Paris and gone to Geneva—though why he should take this step one is at a loss to conjecture. Madame Belval is, of course, the town talk, and has become one of the celebrities of the day. The Duchess has not yet appeared upon the scene. The public trial of the prisoners is awaited with great impatience, and bids fair to become one of the *causes célèbres* of modern times.

THE FIGHTING LION OF ANCIENT ROME.

The Fighting Lion of Ancient Rome.

ROME'S vast Colisseum stands a monument of the giant pride and cruelty of Ancient Rome, cruelty even in its sports gigantic in its amusements. To glut the tastes of Roman dames and nobles on a festive day, lions must be sought on the African wilds and brought to the imperial city to be let loose on the hated christian, foe venerable bishop, or the holy virgin, or what, perhaps, was as exciting, on the trained gladiator, whom they tired to see contending with a human antagonist.

Let us take a battle of five lions and five bestiarii. The arena is about twice the circumference of the pit of an ordinary theatre, and thickly strewn with sand, or sawdust, to keep the combatants from slipping, and for other obvious purposes. A tall wall surrounds the circus, and on the edge of the wall, and projecting partly over it, is a canopied platform, called the *podium*. Here sat the important personages of the realm —the emperor, the ambassadors of foreign nations, and the proprietor for the time of the exhibition, known as the *editor*. Shelving down from a great heighth to the rim of this wall, and round the entire circuit of it, was a wall of eager human faces, anxious for the "sport" to begin.

Presently it does begin. The five doomed Bestiarii enter the great sand-strewn ring, each armed with a short straight sword. Tall, graceful, athletic-looking fellows, with muscles like woven wire, and in the prime of manhood, and yet withal as nigh to death as life can be.

In the thickness of the great wall are iron gates, and the creaking of these is a signal that hushes the buzzing and whispering as effectually as the ringing of the little bell at theatres before the curtain rises. Simultaneously with the creaking of the iron gates is heard a low deep moaning, as much more terrible than loud roaring, as the hoarse whispered blurting of a man mad with rage is more terrible than his loudest expostulations. The lions are mad with rage. As they emerge from the various passages and enter the arena, they stand with tail necks and wide open nostrils, and flashing eyes for a while, suddenly return to find it invested by a multitude of inferior animals.

The five Bestiarii, however, are the only ones of the multitude within reach of the five outraged monarchs; and amused at such easy prey, they throw back their proud heads and roar scornfully, at the same time most significantly furrowing the ground with their impatient talons. They, however, won't begin the fray.

Presently, with a feint to the left and to the right, and then with a swift, straightforward bound, the swordsman commences the attack, and the spell is broken.

What pen can picture the bedlam scene that at once ensues? The hideous cries of the wounded beast, the appalling shrieks of the mangled Bestiarii; the cleaving of flesh with sharp steel, the crunching of bone by jagged teeth; the spontaneous rising and yelling, and hand-clapping, and cap-waving of the multitude; the vociferous cheering on of men to slaughter the lions, and of the lions to slaughter the men—just as the betting went!

A few minutes, however, settles the important event; the struggle in the circus is at an end, bets are paid over, the dead and dying are hauled out of the circus, and fresh sand strewn to cover the pools of blood, and make all snug and comfortable for the acting of the next scene.

A New Way to Pick Grapes.

MOLINE, Ill., Feb. 23d, 1868.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Thinking that a little incident that came under my observation would not be amiss, I take the liberty of giving it to you in my own language. It happened late last fall; nevertheless, but few know anything about it. I will give no names, as the parties live not a thousand miles from here.

A party of three went blackberrying—a man and his wife and a young lady visitor. In going through the timber they discovered a tall, slender tree, with a grape vine running to the top, loaded with ripe grapes. The man, thinking he would have some grapes, climbed the tree, calculating that his weight would bend the tree down so that those below could pick the grapes. However, he being a light-weight, the desired effect was not produced, by at least five feet, so he called one of the ladies to help him by clinging to his feet, and the young lady being the nearest at hand, came to his assistance. Taking hold of his pants instead of his feet, to pull him and bend the tree to the ground. The man not having suspenders on, and being drawn out rather thin by hanging on to the tree, slipped through his breeches, leaving them in possession of the young lady. She dropped them and ran screaming away, leaving the man hanging to the tree in easy costume, somewhat similar to that worn in masked balls. You may guess the rest. J. S.

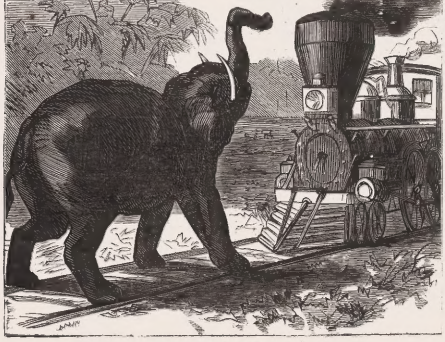
"YOUNG lady: "Oh, I am so glad you like birds; which kind do you admire most?" Old Squab: "Well, I think the goose, with plenty of stuffing, is about as good as any."

AN EXTRAORDINARY DEVICE.

A Married Lady Attempts to Shield an Unmarried Friend from Disgrace.

CURIOUS things happen in the "Oyster City," (Fair Haven, Conn.), and the one that has just taken place is no exception to the rule. A young married lady on the east side, who formerly lived in Willimantic, complained of not feeling well, and that she could find no relief until she had seen her old physician in Willimantic. One day recently she started off to see the said doctor, but when she got to Hartford she was too ill to go further, and went to a hotel and went to bed. Where she sent for her aunt, a resident of that city. The aunt put in her appearance soon after, and was surprised to find [illegible] so well, who had but shortly felt so ill, [illegible]ressed herself, when her niece walked a[illegible], to the bed and uncovered a newly-born babe.

Of course there was much surprise expressed, and many questions asked as to how it happened, and satisfactory answers given, and after a day or two the lady, much recovered, returned to her home at Fair Haven, where she employed an experienced nurse to care for herself and child. After a day or two, the nurse became convinced that the woman was not the mother of the child, and told her so, to which she owned up, and said she had accepted the child when it was two days old, and that the mother of the child was a young girl in Hartford, whose name she had promised to conceal. Of course Fair Haven is in a flutter as to who the young woman is.



THE ELEPHANT AND THE LOCOMOTIVE.

A NEW WAY TO PICK GRAPES.

A SCENE IN THE FAR WEST—WILD BEASTS RUSHING FROM A FIRE ON THE PRAIRIES.—SEE PAGE 256.

How Some People Cross Broadway

BY BRICKTOP.

Among the comicalities of Broadway, that a casual observer may take note of, there are none more genuine and original than the way and manner in which this favorite rushing ground is crossed and recrossed by pedestrians. Scarcely any two persons can be found who do the job in the same way or profit by their experience.

For instance, there is Mr. Pomporious Bouncer. He weighs hard on to two hundred and fifty pounds, actually, but feels that he weighs at least a ton. He carries a huge gold-headed walking stick and whenever he takes it into his fat head to cross Broadway he whirls his "suggester" like an Irishman at Donnybrook fair and goes straight over, creeping this way and that, as any venturesome horse gets in his way, paying not the slightest attention to either curses or compliments lavished on him by the amiable Jehus. *He* is a success.

Then we have the artful dodger, the worrying, hurrying man whose coat tails seem ever assuming horizontal as they follow their owner hither and thither. He wishes to cross Broadway at a certain point and although it is filled with vehicles of every description, from a bicycle to the coach with a fifth wheel, he dashes recklessly among them, darting this way and that; little to the right, under and over,; now retreating a little, now advancing; now coming within an inch of being mashed, now coming to a full stop and then darting up or down the street as he may fancy he sees an opening, and finally reaching the sidewalk just in time to plant his head full into the abdominal regions of a fat Dutch woman, who is standing on the curb, looking despondingly upon the prospect of getting over herself. She *does* get over, however, by the aid of the artful dodger, and he falls on top of her in no gentle way, and then scrambles to his feet, begging any number of pardons, and gesticulating like a Frenchman. Of course there is a row and somebody takes the injured woman's part. Dodger wishes to avoid a scene and hands the irate old woman five dollars to cure her bruises, which some other more artful dodger takes and makes himself scarce with, while our friend moves on happy.

Next we see a timid man trying to cross. He has been vainly watching for the past half hour in hopes of there being a "let up" in the tide of vehicles, during which he has made a dozen ineffectual attempts to stem the flood and reach the opposite side. His face has a sad and woebegone look upon it, and he is completely spattered with mud which the carriages have kindly thrown from the abundance of the gutters, and he wonders why they pulled down the Broadway bridge. Once he bribed a boot-black to pilot him over for a quarter. But Johnny got his money in advance and then left his ton in the middle of the street, where he floundered about for a few minutes and was finally knocked down in the mud through which a policeman kindly drags him to the sidewalk and cracks him over the head for being drunk. His consolation consists in knowing that he has got over, and that the spots on his clothing have all been obliterated.

This is no success to brag of.

Here comes a frightened man. He is evidently from the country and is completely bewildered by the noise and confusion. He sees an opening and makes a dive for the opposite shore, but before he has got half way across, heavy carts, snorting horses and cursing drivers close in around him and he momentarily thinks of his principio sins. Then he yells at the top of his voice, "Stop!" "hold on!" "You'll make hash of me!" at the same time swinging his carpet bag and umbrella, and creating a sensation generally. He may succeed in getting over but it is generally a knock over.

Then we see a Dutchman attempt the feat. Hans is brave enough but like many others he gets confused. He tries it once or twice but after getting a bump by a cart-wheel, having his hat knocked off and tramped under foot and getting a good square bike from a vicious horse who evidently takes him for something less pickled than sour-krout, he gets his back up and yells like a demon, "Stoope! stoope! you preak mine head two, free dimes mid yourn funeral. Bolice! Bolice!"

It only takes one or two shouts to get up a sensation on Broadway, so sensitive are New Yorkers. Everybody looks up, holds up, and then rushes up to learn what the deuce is up. It is so in this case. Hans succeeds in getting up a crowd, stopping the cavalcade, and of finding his way over just as a policeman is on the point of stirring him up. Hans would do well to practice about midnight when Broadway is clear.

And there are hundreds of others who make more or less a mess of it, and only a few do it scientifically. Take it about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the banks are on the point of closing, and you will see sights that are decidedly ticklish. A man, for instance, who has a note to pay and only three minutes in which to reach the bank, and the street crowded with rapidly driven vehicles. In his confusion he takes the wrong direction, gets into a row with a carman in endeavoring to take the back track, is headed off by another one, whose horse he strikes over the nose, and gets a crack with a whip for his kindness, while the cry of "stop thief!" is raised by some mischievous urchins, and one of the Broadway squad pounces upon him for a bond-robber. His note goes to protest, and all because he couldn't keep cool.

Fat men and lean ones, rich men and poor ones, dandies and other brainless articles, all try, but few succeed. On all sides the cry goes up, "Give us more bridges!" while not a few have made arrangements for buoying themselves over by the aid of a balloon which can be carried in the hat and inflated with bipedial gas. Buoying over is good, and will probably be greatly in vogue with the girls.

There is another project on foot for the "relief of Broadway," but whether it will ever come into general use or not is very doubtful. The plan is to do it by the trapeze. One of those highly delightful arrangements is to be stationed at every crossing, and arranged in such a manner, from the second story windows, as to enable the crosser to swing himself over without touching earth until he lands on the other side. I must say that I like the ballooning arrangement best, although one is not so certain where he will land as with the trapeze.

And the ladies are not always so expert in crossing Broadway as they are in crossing the sterner sex.

Take a nervous woman, for instance, and see what a figure she will make of it,—unless she chances to be pretty enough to attract general attention, and cause a general holding up among the Jehus. If she is homely and nervous, too, oh dear! we have half a show, beyond what she makes herself. She generally manages, by her gesticulations to stop every stage anywhere near her, while motioning to others half a block away to stop until she gets across. A policeman most always comes to her rescue just as she has disgusted everybody and is on the point of fainting herself. She may tell it to her friends; may say to her grandchildren that she once accomplished the feat of crossing Broadway alone, but her best hold will be in telling it to those who did not witness the performance.

Then we have the strong-minded woman, who bolts straight across, cutting right and left with her blue cotton umbrella, and making horses throw up their heads without having them pulled up. She is a crossing-success of the first water. She asks no favors, probably knowing that she will receive none, and while clambering the quadrupeds with a tangible poke of her blue cotton, she astonishes the bipeds with a Minerva-like look that is quite as polish, if not so tangible. She'll pass in a crowd.

And the young ladies, the dear creatures! how they do a Broadway crossing! It is a mistake to call them crossing-sweepers although they manage to carry everything before them; for where is the Jehu with soul so dead that he will not pull up at sight of a pretty pair of ankles? What one of them would spatter mud upon their fashionable attire? And the policemen, and every one else rejoicing in pants, how they fly to the rescue if any of these dear creatures even fall into a shadow of danger; why, its the very best portion of their promenade. Plain sailing is tame compared to it, and knowing it, they make it a point to cross Broadway as often as they can—the dear creatures!

There's nothing like it, and nothing like observing how some people cross Broadway.

A MOTHER ON HER MUSCLE—SEE PAGE 256.

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

When youth was budding into bloom,
And thou wert young and fair,
Thou gavest to me a silken tress,
A lock of soft brown hair.

I placed the treasur next my heart,
With tenderness and care,
For more than all I loved that tress,
That lock of soft brown hair.

When youth was wasting into age,
And I was bow d with care,
Thou gav st to me a silken tress,
A lock of snow white hair.

I twined it round the one of brown,
For both to me were dear,
The aged and the youthful tress,
Of brown and snow white hair.

I own I prize the lock of brown,
With truth and love sincere,
But more I love that aged tress,
That lock of snow white hair.

MY WIFE'S CHILD.

By Charles Paul de Kock.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED).

THE event justified all the gardener's hopes. As soon as Henry saw Mr. Bettemann under the table and Mullern fast asleep, he slipped noiselessly out of the room and into the courtyard, ran to the stables, let loose the head horse and leaped on his back, promising himself to devastate on that occasion the flower beds of the garden quite as much as on preceding expeditions.

So he gallops towards the fatal path; but, unexpected misfortune! the explosion occurs, the horse rears and throws its rider, who was himself too much frightened by this sudden noise to keep his balance in the saddle.

All the household assemble at the cries of their young master; the gardener is the first to make his appearance; they hasten to awaken Mullern; he, alarmed by the cries that reach his ears, upsets the table upon Mr. Bettemann in his haste to go to Henry's rescue.

Our young man was more frightened than hurt, except a few bruises, he is none the worse for his somersault. However, when questioned as to the cause of his fall, he tells Mullern all that happened. Mullern, furious that a trap had been set for his pupil, swears that if he finds out the scamp who has amused himself with playing this trick, he will take away from him the desire of doing it again. All the servants protest their innocence, and they return to the chateau with much loud talk about the occurrence.

But another surprise is in store. At the foot of the staircase, Mullern hears confused cries emanating from the dining-room; he goes up stairs four steps at a time, and finds Mr. Bettemann struggling among the bottles and dishes, and making vain efforts to extricate his head from a bowl of punch. With Mullern's assistance he finally succeeded, not, however, without leaving his wig in the steaming decoction.

At last, tranquility having been restored, every one was willingly free to bed.

Henry, somewhat tamed by his tumble, for a little while was more peaceable, and contented himself with a gallop in the courtyard. The gardener congratulated himself upon the success of his stratagem, and beheld with delight his vegetables prospering.

But after a few days Henry began to get tired of the circumscribed limits of his riding school. Having recovered entirely of his bruises, he returned to his practice in the garden, and again the poor gardener was in despair. Mullern, who had not forgotten the pyrotecnic trick, and who burned with the desire to discover the perpetrator, soon conceived the most violent suspicions of the gardener, whose reiterated complaints plainly showed his spite. So he determined to keep a close watch on the man, and the occasion soon presented itself of changing his suspicions to certainty.

The gardener, losing all patience when he found that his remonstrances were of no avail, resolved to renew the experiment, in order to completely disgust young Henry with his nocturnal rides; and, that he might effectually cure him of the propensity, he concluded that it would not be amiss to triple the dose, in order that the explosion might be more efficacious.

But what to do? The small quantity of powder that he had procured at the chateau had been used in the first explosion. After having well reflected on the subject, he came to the conclusion that Mullern must have in his room a quantity more than sufficient to put his project into execution, and he determined to take advantage of a moment when the old soldier was absent to obtain a supply.

True to his expectations, Mullern soon left his room, as if for a walk in the fields; he caught sight of the gardener, who was sneaking around the house. He pretended to go off, but after walking a short distance he returned and quietly followed the gardener. The latter entered the room, not suspecting that he was being followed; he took as much powder as he thought necessary and hurried back to the garden, laughing in his sleeve at the new trick that he proposed to play on the hussar's pupil.

But Mullern had seen everything; and having now the convincing proof of the gardener's guilt, he promised himself a glorious revenge. Having well studied his plan, he permitted the gardener to make his preparations for a grand explosion, and awaited impatiently the moment fixed for the execution of his project.

At last arrived the moment so much desired by Mullern and the gardener. The latter, having arranged his mine, hides himself behind the bush where he proposes to fire the train. He has not long to wait. The gallop of a horse is heard—it comes nearer—nearer—he fires the train—but, oh, murder! he flies up himself into the air, "hoist by his own petard," and falls back upon the sod, breaking the stillness of the night with piercing cries.

No need to explain that Mullern had altered the direction of the train of powder, and had brought it to bear upon a well stocked magazine under the very bush where the gardener sat conducting his operations.

As for the horse, it was riderless; Mullern had let it loose himself, having kept his pupil in the house by revealing to him the secret of the plot and counterplot.

"Ah! ah! rascal, so it is you who wish to blow up your young master, because it pleases him to disturb your spinach! Triple cannonades! I don't know why I have not blown you as high as the village steeple!"

"But, Mr. Mullern, it was all for Monsieur's good that I did it. What will his father say when he finds his garden in this condition?"

"It is time for you to know, potato-head, that my colonel loves his son better than he does his turnips, and that so long as it pleases my pupil to turn the chateau topsy-turvy, it is not your business to interfere."

The gardener answered not a word but hobbled off to his quarters, wishing all mischievous boys, horses, and hussars to the devil. As for Mullern, proud of the success of his project, he went to celebrate his victory with a bumper; and on that occasion Mr. Bettemann spent the night under the table.

CHAPTER VI.—THE FARM AND THE HAY LOFT.

THUS passed the boyhood of our hero, and he attained the age of sixteen years, keeping the household of the chateau in continual turmoil with his pranks. But he rode splendidly on horseback, fenced almost as well as his teacher, and Mullern swore by his mustache that the lad would do him honor.

When fifteen years old Henry looked like a man, and his manners were as precocious as his physique. He was tall; well made; of a noble and agreeable presence; as prompt to acknowledge a fault as he was to commit it. He was brave, generous, sensible, but headstrong, impetuous in his character, vigorous in his actions, and impatient of all restraint.

His residence at the chateau began to weary our young man, who longed to travel and know something of the world. Every day Mullern made him hope that the Colonel would soon return, and that then his way of life would change; but time passed, and the Colonel did not come.

Henry, disgusted with the monotony of his rides about the grounds of the chateau, for some time past had extended his excursions far into the country, and only returned when fatigue compelled him to seek repose. Mullern, who was getting to be too old to take any pleasure in equestrian exercises, sometimes permitted his pupil to ride alone, on condition that he would always return before nightfall.

One day he started as usual, but the hour fixed for his return passed and he failed to make his appearance at the chateau. Mullern, who was busy in emptying a bottle of rum with Mr. Bettemann, did not at first notice Henry's absence; meanwhile the night advanced and, ascertaining that the young count had not returned, he became uneasy.

The midnight hour struck and still no signs of Henry. Mullern no longer able to resist his impatience, and fearing that some accident had befallen his pupil, ordered his horse to be saddled, mounted him and rode forth, after having sent out all the servants in various directions in quest of the young man.

The night was dark. Mullern gave his horse the rein and let him take what road he pleased, taking care to press his flanks occasionally so that he should not go to sleep. After galloping some time without encountering any living soul, Mullern saw at last a light in the distance; he guided his steed in that direction, hoping to obtain some tidings of the object of his search.

The light came from the window of a farm house situated in the middle of the fields. Mullern knocked noisily at the door; a big watch dog answered the summons and spread the alarm through out the house.

"Who knocks so loud?" exclaimed a gruff voice proceeding from the basement.

"Op n the door and you shall find out."

"Open at this time of night! Nary time! 'Spose we're going to get out of bed to let in thieves. Don t see it."

"Who do you call a thief! Learn, you bumpkin, that I am ex-quartermaster of his majesty, and the preceptor of the son of Colonel Framberg, who does you the honor of a visit."

"Oh! yes! I'm up to that ere stuff. No yer don't!"

"Come, will you open the door, or I'll burst the lock with my saber."

"Ah! got a sword, have yer! Hullo there! Caesar! Cæsor! sic him, boy, sic him!"

With these words the farmer opened the cellar door and let loose the dogs that sprang at Mullern. The latter, furious on perceiving that a peasant paid no more respect to the enumeration of his titles, spurs his horse into the court yard, splits the head of one of the dogs with a sweep of his saber, dismounts and charging into the house, seeks for some one upon whom to wreak his vengeance. But the farmer, seized with wholesome terror upon seeing with what a devil of a fellow he has to deal, seeks safety in flight and hastens to awaken the farm hands and all the household.

Mullern, who pauses at nothing, ascends a stairway, then another and reaches a loft in which hay was stored away. The door was locked. Supposing that his man had taken refuge there, he burst the fastenings, entered, shuts the door again and commences to feel about in the dark.

The most profound silence reigned in the place; but, while searching among the bundles of hay, Mullern thought that he heard the sound of suppressed breathing. He advances, feels softly around and remains greatly astonished to find beneath his hand a form, unequivocally feminine.

In a word, Mullern, instead of meeting the object of his vengeance, the farmer, had come in contact with the farmer's wife.

But how did it happen that the farmer's wife should be there, instead of being quietly asleep in her bed? It would be well to explain the mystery to the reader.

The farmer was a stout, round fellow, who must have been vigorous in his time; but he had long since lost the freshness of youth; and his wife, who was a wench of gay humor and robust temperament, had for some time past concluded that her husband was good for nothing except to superintend the labor of others. So she had become intimately acquainted with one of the field laborers, a young man of good promise and of attractive physical qualities.

In fact, she was in the habit of meeting this nice young man in the grove every evening, while her husband was occupied below in arranging his accounts. They happened to be together when Mullern made his violent entry into the house; and, so much interested were they in their conversation, that they paid no attention to the noise of this invasion.

It was at the moment when the farmer let loose the watch dogs that the young man called his companion's attention to the tumult below. The farmer's wife thought that it was not worth while to disturb herself for a small matter; but the young man, who did not fancy being discovered in such a *tete-a-tete* by his superior, quitted his fair one to find out what was going on.

Very soon the farmer, followed by his men, came up to the door of the garret.

"He must be in there!" he cried—"I'm sure of it! John, lad, be ready with your pitchfork; and you, Peter, take him about the middle."

But Peter, who was the young man in question, not wishing the farmer to be discovered in the garret, assured his master that the robber could not be there, for he had seen him go into the cellar.

"No matter," said the farmer, who took much to heart the death of his favorite dog, "let us go in, and if he is not there, we'll look for him in the cellar afterwards."

So saying, he began to thump at the door with his pitchfork. His wife, recognizing her husband's voice entreated Mullern—whom, evidently, she did not wish to see harmed—to escape before he should be strangled by her infuriated spouse. Mullern had no objection to escaping, but how? There were but two means of egress—the door, which was well guarded, and the window, to take flight through which would be a break-neck experiment. He might hide behind the bundles of hay, but the pitchforks would soon rouse him out of that. What could he do? The situation required skilful manœuvring, but the farmer's wife was equal to the emergency.

"Why, goodman dear," she cried, "is that you!"

"Hullo! by golly! it's Catharine! What be you doing there?"

"Zooks! what d'ye think? when I heard the row down stairs, I was afeared of the robbers and I came up here."

"Then the rascal is not in there?"

"Zounds! d've take me for a fool? see quiet if he was! I have come in and look for yourself."

With this, the farmers' wife, shoving Mullern behind the hay, opened the door.

"Oh! nonsense, lass, what's the use of looking for him, when you've been there all the time."

"Dang it! I tell you, mother, that I see him slip into the cellar?" put in Peter.

"Very well, let's go see there, boys, I've got my blunderbuss, and there's a jolly ounce of buck shot in it."

So the whole party went down to the cellar, and Mullern, following noiselessly, slipped out of doors into the yard, found his horse, leaped into the saddle and rode off at full gallop.

As the day was beginning to break, Mullern thought that it was time to return to the Chateau, to see if during his absence Henry had not returned. He had just distinguished in the distance the turrets of the ancient structure, when the noise of a horse's hoof caused him to turn; the horse draws rein, looks around and perceives Henry quietly riding up to join him.

"Ah! so, sir, there you are?—I find you at last! A fine time o' day it is to be coming home to go to bed!"

"And, I say, Mullern, where have you been yourself? Ah! ah! ah! what a pickle you are in! What the deuce, old man! have you been sleeping in a hay stack?"

In fact, Mullern, who had forgotten to brush away the results of his night's adventure, was covered from head to foot with bits of hay.

"You ask me where I have been The Devil! for your sake, running after you, I've had a fine night's work. I have broken into a house, killed the dogs, chased a farmer and—well, a moment later, and I should have been pitchforked by bumpkins, but for the pity of a woman who apparently thought that I was too young to die and who procured me the means of escape."

"Ah! my good Mullern, how sorry I am to have been the cause of all that! But then, what puts it into your head to go galloping around after me? I am no longer a child, and am big enough to take care of myself."

"Oh! of course, you are a man all over. But I should like to know how you would have got out of the scrape that I was in—right. However, that is not the point. I hope, sir, that you are going to tell me what you have been about since yesterday."

"Why, you shall know all, and you will see that I have not been doing wrong."

"I doubt it seriously, but no matter, tell your story."

"Well, then, you must know that, after having enjoyed a long canter over the field, I found myself far away from the chateau and night approaching. As I had lost my way, I inquired of a peasant, who informed me that I was only two leagues from Offemburg. So it seemed that I had rode six leagues away from the chateau. Probably I would have missed the road in attempting to return in the darkness. I thought it was more prudent to pass the night in the town. So taking my directions from the peasant, I started for Offemburg; but I had not gone a quarter of a league when I perceived a cottage, simple but neat. I approached. Oh! wonder! sounds of melody reached my ears,—a divine music; and I remained for nearly an hour before that habitation, listening to a voice that penetrated to my very soul!"

"Whew! the devil!"

"Impelled at last by curiosity, or rather by the secret sentiment that mastered me, I determined to know the person who had given birth in my heart to such sweet sensations. I knocked; an old woman opened the door. I asked for the mistress of the house. I was introduced into the parlor, where sat reading a lady advanced in years, and beside her—Ah! my friend! how shall I describe to you that which in this world's perfection! that which nature has created the most beautiful of her works—an angel!"

"And the angel was singing?"

"Yes, my friend; hers was the voice that I had heard. When I entered she remained silent. The old lady arose and asked me what pressure I her the honor of my visit. I told her my name and how I had lost my way. When I mentioned the name of the Count de Framberg, a benevolent smile animated the old lady's countenance."

"By the Lord! I should think so!"

"She invited me to remain until daylight. I expressed my fears lest that might discommode them."

"But you remained, nevertheless?"

"Certainly. I sat down beside the ladies; we engaged in conversation; the young girl seemed timid and reserved, but the old lady, who was considerable of a talker, informed me that for about twelve years they had inhabited that house; that they saw very little company, that because Pauline's father—that was the young lady's name—was not fond of society. He had been absent for some time on important business, and they were impatiently awaiting his return to learn if he had been successful in accomplishing the object of his journey."

"Oh! oh! here is plenty of mystery! Well?"

"Well, my friend, chatting thus, the night passed away. As soon as I perceived the dawn of day, I arose and and excused myself to the ladies for having kept them up so late."

"And then?"

"And then I asked permission to come sometimes and disturb their solitude. The old lady at first offered some objections—"

"You should have told her that you were my pupil."

"But at last she consented to receive me occasionally, in order to enliven a little Pauline's monotonous existence, and because she thought the son of Colonel Framburg was worthy of the privilege. I was overcome with joy! The young lady did not seem to be sorry that this favor had been accorded me, and I took my leave, bearing with me the hope of seeing again the being who henceforth shall occupy my thoughts!"

"That is very well, sir; so, at sixteen years of age, you are already up to your ears in love?"

"Oh! for ever, Mullern!"

"You have nicely profited by the lessons of wisdom that I have given you. Come, now, take yourselves and forget this sudden passion, which will bring you no good, and that most likely will lead you into some mischief, unless I watch you closely."

"You cannot think it, Mullern. What! forget that which constitutes my life for whom I would willingly give my life! But you, then, have never loved!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I have loved glory, wine and woman, but as for the last mentioned, I I have only indulged in them moderately, and I have always been careful to avoid those grand passions that turn the mind from duty and make a man look like a fool! Believe me, that is the way to be happy, and not in filling your head with chimeras that never become realities!"

"In spite of your fine speeches and your morality, which latter I somewhat doubt, you cannot prevent me, my dear Mullern, from believing that true love is the only happiness on earth—and what though it be a chimera, if it make us happy."

"Well, well, I see that I should only lose time in preaching to you, and I give it up; but, at least, I could wish the objects of your transports to be worthy, and not have you surrender yourself to an adventuress, like an apprentice in love!"

"Ah! take care, Mullern, how you insult the lady I love!"

"But do you even know her father's name?"

"Certainly; his name is Christiern."

"Christiern! I have never heard that name on the field of battle!"

"Nevertheless he is a soldier."

"A soldier! So much the better!"

"So you see that these ladies—'

"I see—I see that here we are at the Chateau and that it is time to go to bed. In truth, sir, you led me a sorry life. An ex-quartermaster going to bed when every one else is getting up!'

"But forces you to go to bed—"

"You see, I am quite used up with having been all night on herseback."

"And perhaps with having rolled so much in the hay," added Henry, laughing.

Mullern bit his lips and hastened to his room, in fear that it migqt be his pudil's turn to give a lecture.

CHAPTER VII.—THE COLONEL'S RECEPTION.

For six months succeeding Henry's adventure, he went every day to the dwelling of his love, in spite of Mullern's remonstrances and the fatigue that these sail expeditions cost him.

But one day Mullern was much astonished, when rising in the morning, to find Henry still at the Chateau.

"Ho is this? You are not off"

"No, Mullern, I shall stay at home to-day."

"Bah! has your Dulcinea already been playing you a trick?"

"My Pauline is incapable of fickleness."

"So she has told you that she loves you?"

"Do you think that for six months we have been every day together without loving and with eye and temper expressing our loves?"

"Oh! I see that the young lady is postrd—she knows what she's about."

"The reason why I did not go this morning is that the good Madame Reinstard—that's the name of the old lady that takes care of her—informed me that Pauline's father was expected every moment, and that he might be angry at my visiting his daughter unless the story of our acquaintance were first made known to him."

"So there you are separated from your sweetheart, for a long while at least."

"A long while! Oh! hope in a few days to present myself to her father. He will see me, he will love me and—"

"And, if he is a sensible man he will put you out of the house."

"Really, Mullern, you disconcert me with your croaking."

"Ah! you see, I am not in love and I say what I think."

A VALENTINE.

I WISH I was a pint er stout,
An you the only mug here
That didn't leak, an' all about
Was nary pail nor jug here.

I wish I wuz the figger one,
An' you the hour hand rusty,
On my old clock that never'll run,
Just stickin' there so trusty!

I wish I wuz in that 'ere jar,
The last cent's wuth er taffy,
An' you the only boy there ar'
Ez hungry's a giraff-e!

I wish I wuz a lump er coal,
An' you the shining fender;
Within them claspin arms my soul
'Ud glow out warm and tender!

I wish I wuz a thoughtless mouse,
An' you the only Thomas
That ever comed intu the house,
You'd hev me, then, I prommus.

I wish I wuz that Sukey gal,
An' you the cunnin' Cupid;
O, you shud allus be my Val
Entine, or—call me Stupid.

Captain Luster's Fate.

An Oriental Mystery.

A TROPICAL night on the Pacific! The sky is studded with stars, which are mirrored in the vast deep beneath. There is just enough air to keep the Dolphin moving at a quiet rate, and the passengers are gathered on deck to enjoy the matchless evening.

A short distance away stand two lovers—Edmund Prescott and Florence Harris—looking out upon the ocean, and meditating and conversing upon the scene.

"How different this sky from our northern firmament!" remarked the latter, after a pause. "I can recognize my favorite constellation. The southern cross is beautiful, but then I missed the others. Ursa Major has entirely disappeared; and as for the Minor Bear, scarce a star of him is visible."

At this observation, which was intended for no particular ears, Adolphus Fitzgibbon aroused himself.

"Aw—what's that, Miss Harris? Aw—have you seen bears at sea?"

"Yes, and monkeys too," was the quick but good-natured reply.

All of us laughed, while Fitzgibbon looked very silly, then grinned hugely, then seemed to meditate some scathing witticism, then concluded he would not, and stretched out upon his side, with his back toward the lovers, and pretending to, or really did, fall asleep within the next fifteen minutes.

I was reclieing on the deck, about a dozen feet from where the two lovers stood—not with any intention of listening to their words, but simply because I had taken my position first, and was too languid to change it. I had been an invalid for years, and was now recovering from a very severe spell of sickness.

I was lazily drawing at my Havana, puffing the thin fragrant smoke from my mouth without removing the cigar, and gazing upward at the brilliant stars as they sailed overhead. I was in that delicious dreamy state, half asleep and half awake, hearing only the murmur of the voices around me, as one hears the faint sound of a distant waterfall.

I presume I had lain thus for nearly an hour, and my cigar had burned nearly to my mouth, with the long column of ashes still unbroken, when something struck my ear like the sound of a bell. It was not until I had heard it several times, that it seemed really to affect my senses.

All at once I gave a start, the ashes dropped upon my bosom, and I arose to a sitting position, and gazed around me.

"Hark!" said I, "didn't you hear that bell?"

"Just what I have been trying to make Edmund believe," laughed Florence Harris; "he persisted in not believing it."

"Listen," said I, raising my hand.

And immediately there fell a death-like silence. And while thus intently listening, there came across the sea, faint but distinct, the soft, distant sound of a bell. We scarcely breathed for a minute, and the strange, solemn sound was repeated at regular intervals, as if swung by the hand of some exhausted sufferer, or tolled by the swell of the ocean.

The captain by this time had approached, and stood in the attitude of attention.

"We must be near the land?" I ventured to say, rather in the form of an inquiry than in that of an assertion.

"No, sir," responded the captain; "the nearest land is good eight hundred miles away, and this doesn't come from there, I should think."

"What can it be?" asked several, in the same breath.

"The sound comes from that direction," said Florence Harris, pointing towards the equator.

"Herhaps it is on board a ship," I again ventured.

"Don't think it is," replied the captain, with a shake of the head.

"What can it be?" asked Florence.

To this no one ventured to reply for several moments. In the meantime the tolling of the bell had become quite distinct, and Adolphus Fitzgibbon gave a yawn, a groan, a kick, and awoke.

"Aw—yes—aw—I was about to suggest—that the bell should ring—aw—aw—aw!" he stammered, confusedly, rising to his feet, and pitching back and forth. Then, seeing all of us in the attitude of attention, he asked, "What—aw—the dooce is the matter?"

"It is the Bell of Doom," exclaimed Backstay Bob, a tall, scarred sailor, from his position at the wheel.

"Pshaw! you're too childish," replied the captain. "Whatever it is, we are rapidly approaching it; for notice how much louder it sounds."

Such was the case. The bell was now heard clear and distinct towards the south, and was approaching nearer every moment. Shortly after, the captain took his night glass, and gazed long and intently in that direction. When he lowered it, he said: "I can just discover a dark body rising and falling on the waves, but nothing more. Backstay Bob, you have got the best eyesight of any one on board. See what you can make of it."

Bob resigned his place at the wheel to one of the men, and came forward and took the glass. He held it to his eye for several minutes without speaking, and, to all appearance, without even breathing, while we awaited his word with the deepest interest. Finally, he gave a great sigh, and lowered it.

"Blow me, if it aint old Davy Jones afloat!"

"How does it look?" several of us inquired in the same breath.

"I'll be hanged if I can tell! There's no bowsprit, and——"

Here he levelled his glass again, and shortly after continued his observations:

"There's no sail—no nothing."

"Aw—certainly—aw—something, certainly—aw—if your vision—aw—is able to discern it," ventured the gentle Adolphus Fitzgibbon.

"Don't you see anything like a sail?" inquired the captain.

"Not a speck, nor any place to put one, either." "Hold a minute!" exclaimed Backstay Bob: "I've got her in range now. She ain't got the least mite of a boom, yard, or anything like. She looks like some great hulk of a light boat. Hold on again! I see the bell. They've rigged it up at the masthead, so that it swings back'ards and for'ards every time the thing gives a lurch to leewards."

"Can you see anything aboard?"

"Not a creature, living or dead."

"Keep her away a couple of points," cried the captain to the man at the wheel.

"Ay ay, sir"

And the ship's course was altered, so as to bring her rapidly near the mysterious craft, towards which all eyes were directed.

Several of the company now openly remarked that there was something supernatural in the appearance of this boat with its tolling bell. To all of these Florence Harris and her lover replied lightly, neither of them having the least faith in their credulity.

The captain listened impatiently, and then said: "You are all a set of cowards! No doubt you imagine Old Nick is aboard with a crew of little imps, bound for the Gallapagos Isles with a load of brimstone. If you'll content yourselves for half an hour longer, I'll tell you something about it, for I intend to board that old lumbering hulk, even if it turns out to be the Flying Dutchman, or Davy Jones's flag ship, and shall explore it from stem to stern."

To show that he meant what he said, orders were given to heave to and to get one of the boats in readiness. By this time the nondescript was plainly visible to all. It seemed to be an old hulk with a single mast in the center. The bell was suspended from the masthead, and ever and anon sent forth its solemn tolling, as the hulk rose and sank with the heavings of the sea.

Before the ship was brought to, we had passed the hulk some distance, so that when we halted there were several hundred yards intervening, and it was only dimly discernable.

A boat was lowered, and the captain having selected a crew, pulled away towards the hulk. I asked permission to accompany it, but on account of a recent illness, was refused. Fortunate, indeed, for me was that refusal.

There was something so extraordinary regarding the appearance and action of the hulk, that the curiosity of all was so intense as to be painful. We strained our gaze as the captain and his crew drew near it. We saw the distance swiftly decrease between the boat and the hulk, until the shadowy forms emerged into one. And then followed an impressive silence—suddenly broken by a howl, and a pistol shot and a scream; and as our hearts almost stopped beating, we saw a moment later the boat put off from the hulk, the men rowing with all their might back to the ship. As they came nearer, we discerned that the captain was missing.

Backstay Bob dashed toward the boat, and, shaking his fist at the men, demanded furiously,

"You cowardly dogs! where is Captain Luster?"

"The devil has got him!"

Absurd as the reply might have seemed at any other time, it was uttered in solemn earnest, as the ghastly faces of the crew attested. In reply to our eager questions, they said the moment they came alongside the craft, they heard a low, hollow, unearthly sound, which caused them to hesitate. The captain climbed up the side of the vessel, descended to the cabin and disappeared from view. He was hardly out of sight when the noise they had at first heard was repeated, far louder and fiercer. The next moment the report of the captain's pistol was heard, followed by a terrific shriek, and then all was still!

Horror struck, they called loudly and repeatedly to their commander, but receiving no answer, pulled away for the ship.

"You're a purty set of cowardly sneaks, ain't you, to go and desert your captain that way, when like enough he needed you to save his life!" exclaimed Backstay Bob, forgetting in his fury that the first mate was among those whom he denounced. "I'm going back to that old hulk, and if I can't get at the devil in any other way, I'll put a keg of powder in it and blow it to blazes!"

"Bob is right, if his excitement does make him forget his manners," said the mate. "It was not my intention to desert Captain Luster in trouble. The men were so frightened that I thought it best to come back and get a new set."

There was some difficulty in procuring the requisite number, and accordingly Prescott and myself were accepted. As the former went over the ship's side, Florence Harris said:

"Don't you come back, Edmund, until you have heard what has become of poor Captain Luster."

He gave her his promise; and in a few minutes later the boat shoved off, and we rapidly neared the hull, which had acqured such a strange interest to us all.

Prescott, in addition to his revolver, had a small Italian dagger, which I had observed him handle, as if to assure himself that it was reliable. Then as he replaced it, he remarked to me:

"There's no telling what's inside that old hulk; and this may be the weapon I need, after all."

Arriving at the craft, after a short consultation, it was agreed that four oarsmen, myself and the mate, should remain in the boat, while Backstay Bob and Prescott should explore the hulk. As it was morally certain that some dreadful danger menaced all who entered the cabin, and as I was good for nothing, I needed no more urging than the mate to remain in my position.

Prescott went first, holding his pistol in one hand and a lantern in the other, while Bob closely followed with his cutlass. We saw them descend the stairway; all was still, and then I heard the single exclamation from Prescott:

"Oh, my God!"

This was followed by a terrible roar, a quick succession of pistol shots, a fierce struggle, and then all was still again. Soon after, Prescott and Backstay Bob emerged to view, covered from head to foot with blood.

"Come aboard," said they; "the danger is all over."

The next instant we were on deck. I rushed to the cabin door and gazed down. Merciful heaven! What did I behold?

By the dim light of the lantern we saw the mangled bady of Captain Luster. The head and one of his limbs were gone, and there was scarcely a semblance of humanity in the remains before us. Near him was the gaunt, terrible form of an expiring Bengal tiger, killed by the bullets, cutlass, and dagger of Prescott and Backstay Bob.

The latter on entering the cabin first, saw the mutilated body of Captain Luster. A low growl warned them of danger; and as Prescott turned his gaze, he saw the tiger crouching, and in the very act of springing. Dropping his lantern, he fired his revolver; and, as the terrible animal bore him to the floor, he drew his dagger and stabbed him again and again. The needle-pointed instrument reached his heart, which, united with the clashing blows of Backstay Bob, settled his hash before he could inflict any material injury.

We now made a critical examination of the place. A number of human bones strewed the floor, and several articles of wearing apparel, which seemed to indicate that the place had been tenanted by two human beings of opposite sexes, and had probably been torn to pieces by the famished tiger. The room was long and low, extending the whole length of the vessel, and having at either extremity a massive iron chain, terminating in a heavy ring at one end, the other being fastened by a strong staple to a beam in the side of the vessel.

The brute had a chain to his neck, and had been confined to the stern of the vessel by a delicate iron ring, which had been put there to be broken. On a beam near the center of the cabin was written something in an Indian dialect, which was pronounced by the mate (who had spent several years in India,) to read:

"I have sought—I have found that which I sought—vengeance."

Carefully removing the body of the captain to the little boat, we scuttled the mysterious craft, and saw it sink to the bottom of the ocean. Shortly afterward the captain was wrapped in his winding sheet, and committed to the sea.

The strange, awful tale regarding the old craft we never learned. It ever remained to me an unveiled mystery of the sea.

A BLACK BORGIA.

Fatal Poisoning of an Infant White Child by Its Nurse—Horrible if True.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal, Feb. 26.]

ON Wednesday morning Lieut Pat Tracey arrested Louisa Field, a negro girl twelve years of on the charge of poisoning and causing the death of Clifford, infant son of Mr. J. C. and Mrs. Minnie L. Moseley, who reside on Market street, below Fifteenth. The girl was arraigned before Judge Draig yesterday morning, but owing to the absence of a material witness for the State the examination was postponed until to-day, the prisoner being held in bond of five thousand dollars for her appearance.

The revolting crime with which the negro girl is charged is said to have been perpetrated on the 13th of January. She was employed as a nurse and house servant in Mr. Moseley's family. On the morning of the 13th, at an early hour, Mrs. Moseley scolded the girl for some mistake or direlection of duty of which she had been guilty. This rendered the girl very stubborn, but as she had often before evinced a surly disposition, it excited no unusual notice. Between ten and eleven o'clock Mrs. Moseley was called out to see an invalid neighbr, and took her babe along, leaving her son Clifford, a promising little fellow of two years, three months and a half old, in the care of the nurse, Louisa. In a few minutes after Mrs. Moseley had gone, Louisa, it is alleged, left the child in the family room and went into the kitchen, where she procured a box of concentrated lye, used for ordinary scrubbing purposes. Taking a table-spoonful of this deadly stuff, she stirred it in a tin-cup containing about a gill of water, and started with it back to the child. In passing through the dining-room she was seen by the laundress, who was ironing, and asked what she intended to do with the cup. She made some careless reply, and went on her way. In another moment she returned to the laundress, and said, "Cliffy has swallowed it," and immediately rejoined the child. He was thrown into convulsions as soon as he drank the poisonous liquid. The girl took him into the street, and was walking up and down the pavement in the endeavor to pacify him, when a druggist near by was attracted by the unusual symptoms given out by the child. He ordered it to be brought into the store, and ascertained that something poisonous had been taken into the stomach. The poor child continued to have violent spasms and writhing, which the druggist could not arrest. The little sufferer was taken home and its mother and father sent for. Physicians came in, gave unremitting attention to the case, and prescribed everything in which there was the least hope of beneficial results; but all in vain. For three weeks little Clifford struggled in the pitiless grip of death, each day adding to his terrible agony. On the 4th day of February the doctors made a last effort to save the child by a surgical operation in the esophagus, which had been so lacerated and swollen by the poison that no kind of nutriment could be administered to the patient. Under this operation the child expired. Immediately afterwards a post-mortem examination of the body was made by the physicians. Although none of the lye was found in the stomach, the effects of the poison were distinctly and unmistakably visible in the throat and other parts of the deceased child.

Louisa avows that the child took the cup from a wash-stand in the room, and drank the lye preparation before she could prevent her. It is to be hoped, for humanity's sake, that this is true. While it may have been possible, under all the circumstances it has little air of probability. At 2 o'clock P. M. on the day of the alleged poisoning the accused negro girl was to have attended the burial of her own father. This fact, if she be found guilty as charged, will give to her conduct a brutality almost unparalleled in one of her age.

A Caution to Waiters.

THE "extra man" who waits at table has long been suspected of regarding the contents of half emptied bottles as his legitimate "perquisite," and of emptying them accordingly. Let him take warning henceforth from the fate of the Sieur Labergerie. At the Tuilleries, it appears, there is a "double service" before and after grand fetes, and the appointment as a supplementary waiter is coveted not merely for the actual wages paid, but for the succulent and toothsome dainties on which tithes can be levied in kind. Poor Labergerie, therefore, was not worse than his neighbors; he was only more unfortunate. Making his rounds, he saw a champagne bottle; it was uncorked, but it was not empty. He put it to his lips, and the next instant gave a horrible scream. Medical aid was sent for, but the drink made short work of him, and he died in frightful agony before anything could be done to relieve him. What he had taken for champagne was a powerful acid used in cleaning plate. We have told the story, but we do not pretend that it will have the slightest effect on bibulous "extra men."

AN ALLIGATOR'S FIRST REHEARSAL—A SCENE UPON "THE STAGE," BUT NOT UPON "THE BILLS" OF NIBLO'S GARDEN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 249.

THE LAST POISONING CASE IN PARIS—THE ARREST OF COUNT ZIDNIAKOWSKI AND HIS ACCOMPLICE, MONSIEUR MASSON.—SEE PAGE 248.

WOMAN-WHIPPING IN THE NORTH—HOW TEACHERS "CORRECT" THEIR PUPILS—A RECENT SCENE AT A FASHIONABLE SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.—SEE PAGE 243.

The Alligator's First Rehearsal.

Curious things sometimes chance at rehearsals. Among the most curious of these "chances" was that which occurred one noon in the early portion of the present month, during a rehearsal at Niblo's Garden, New York city.

Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer had just received a box from Florida, as a present from several of their friends who were "on a hunt" in that section of our "almighty" country. The box being somewhat weighty, was brought upon the stage, and was ordered to be opened.

While preparations were being made to fulfil this order, speculations were freely indulged in as to the nature of the contents of the mysterious box. The fair creatures of the ballet volunteered guess upon guess, in which species of volunteering they were joined by Miss Lydia Thompson, Miss Weber, and other leading "lights" who chanced to be present, as well as by Messrs. Palmer and Jarret themselves.

Suddenly all doubts were ended, all guesses resolved into certainty by the opening of the box, and the issuing from thence of an alligator—a "live" alligator—a live young alligator several feet long, and very active.

The scene which ensued can be more readily pictured by the mind than by the pen. The ballet girls disappeared from the immediate neighborhood of the alligator in all directions, displaying their leg-itimate charms and their agile grace in a suggestive manner. The actresses also took to flight, and even the lessees acted on the principle that discretion was the better part of valor.

Soon the alligator had the stage to himself, and surveyed the astonished orchestra, being probably as astonished at beholding them as its members were at seeing him. Finally, "the confusion" terminated by the capture of the alligator by the carpenters and their assistants, with the aid of several extemporized implements of warfare, and by the re-boxing of the monster, and by his safe "expressing" elsewhere. The alligator has probably seen his first and last rehearsal.

Anecdote of General Hancock.

We cut the following anecdote of General Hancock from the history of the 140th regiment, published in one of our exchanges. The author, speaking of the scarcity of rations, says:

They were scarce with us—so much so that some of the boys bought of other regiments. During this scarcity, Blake happened to be on guard at Hancocks' headquarters. He was pacing his beat very industriously in front of the General's tent, about daylight, when the General rolled out of bed and came to the door.

"Soldier, are you from the 140th?"
"Yes, sir."
"Is it true rations are scarce?"
"Yes, sir."
"You haven't enough?"
"No sir."
"How many have you? Half enough?"
"I think so, sir."
"Well it's a d—n poor soldier who can't steal the other half."

With the last remark he went to bed again, while Blake renewed his labors.

Before long the cook began preparing breakfast. One thing after another was put on the table in the mess tent, and finally a plate of hot biscuit. While the cook returned to the kitchen, Blake stepped up, emptied them into his haversack, and resumed his walk. Breakfast was announced, and the General went in. He had not been there long before he called the cook to bring in some bread. The cook told him he had put hot cakes on the table. Some conversation passed between them, and the General stepping to the door watched Blake very closely. Blake walked his beat apparently unconscious of any one being within a mile. Finally the General called a corporal, relieved Blake and sent him to his quarters. He had twenty eight biscuit in his haversack.

THE MCCARRON BALL—A MALE GRECIAN BEND ON A BENDER.—SEE PAGE 249

THE MCCARRON BALL—A PEVELLITONIST "CHAFFED" BY A MERRY "FAIR ONE."—SEE PAGE 249.

TO-MORROW.

A BRIGHT little boy, with a laughing face,
Whose every motion was full of grace,
Who knew no trouble, and feared no care;
The light of our household—the youngest there.

He was too young—this little elf,
With troublesome questions to vex himself;
But for many days a thought would rise,
And bring a shade to the dancing eyes.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
Than any other beneath the skies—
"Mother"—oh! word that makes the home!—
"Tell me when will to-morrow come?"

"It is almost night," the mother said;
"Most time for my boy to be in bed;
When you wake up, and it's day again,
It will be, my darling, to-morrow then."

The little boy slept through all the night,
But woke up with the first red streaks of light;
He pressed a kiss on his mother's brow,
And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

"No, little Eddie, this is to-day—
To-morrow is always one night away."
He pondered awhile, but joys came fast,
And the vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night;
"Will it be to-morrow, when it is light?"
From years to come he seemed care to borrow,
He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

"You cannot catch it, my little Ned—
Enjoy to-day," the mother said.
"Some wait for to-morrow through many a year,
And it is always coming, but never here."

THREE DEAD MEN.

ARTHUR LOVELL had just returned from Italy, and was walking with his friend Tom Barton in Regent street. Lovell was, rich, twenty-five, and a bachelor. It was not surprising, then, that he had ample leisure to stroll on thus idly, and to remark upon any object that attracted his attention.

Presently the two gentlemen turned to cross the street, and just then there was a press of vehicles that for a moment blocked the way.

"What a beautiful woman!"

Lovell uttered the words very heartily, as they stood waiting for the crowd to move on.

The exclamation was indeed not uncalled for. Among the throng of vehicles, there was a private carriage—a low open chariot. It solé occupant was a lady—a splendid woman, with dark eyes, heavy black hair, and brilliant complexion. Her toilet was elegant, setting off her full figure to the best advantage. Her attitude was indolent, and she glanced neither to the right or left, as she leant back with hauty grace on the luxuriant seat.

"Who is she?" asked Lovell, when at last he withdrew his fascinated gaze and walked on.

"Mrs. Beverleigh."

"A married woman!" and there was a faint shade of regret in his tone.

"No, a widow: but what do you care, Arthur? Has she fascinated you already?"

"Of course not; but she is very handsome. Do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Introduce me."

"I will." But Barton looked at him uneasily. "You seem to have taken a sudden fancy, after all."

Lovell laughed.

"My dear fellow, if you had been with me for the last five years, you would have known that this was nothing new. I have seen scores of women in that time, of course, and I have never yet saw one whose appearance struck my fancy that I did not succeed very soon in forming her acquaintance; so you need not be alarmed about this idea of mine, or think it anything very important. But have you any objections to my knowing her?"

"No; only I don't like her."

"Why not?"

"Perhaps, in the first place, because she does not like me. They say that she does not like any man who is not in love with her, and I certainly am not that; besides I distrust her."

"Why? Tell me about her."

"I think she is false and heartless; and there are some mysterious points in her history."

"That is delightful!" exclaimed Lovell, lightly. "She does not look like an ordinary woman; but to be so handsome, and have a mystery connected with her, too, is very fascinating."

"They are very ugly suspicious that have attached to her," said Barton, seriously.

"Well, what are they? I am all curiosity," said Lovell.

"She was a Miss Morton—Zenobia Morton. Her father was a man of good family and high education. Her mother was a strange, bad woman, who ruined her husband, and then ran away from him with another man. Mr. Morton died of a broken heart. Zenobia then went to live with an aunt, who was herself in humble circumstances."

"The idea of such a woman ever having been poor!" exclaimed Lovell.

"She was very poor then; but she probably resolved not to be so long. Certain it was that there was a young fellow, poor like herself, to whom she had given some encouragement, who actually killed himself when she married Beverleigh."

"Beverleigh was rich?"

"Yes, very: and this young Wilmot, for that was the poor fellow's name, had nothing to offer her but his love. He was probably of a weak and gentle disposition—evidently he had not courage to stand up against any sharp trial; and when she married Beverleigh, he shot himself. Beverleigh was a man of forty-five or fifty; he was attracted by her beauty, and in a little while she disappeared with him, to reappear in all sorts of splendor as his wife. He only lived three years."

"Well, and what then?"

"She went abroad during her mourning, and there traveled part of the time under the escort of a Mr. Philips, and an old gentleman, who was an uncle of her husband. She returned to this country, and lived at such a rate it was soon whispered her fortune was rapidly disappearing, when suddenly this Mr. Philips, who had been a constant visitor at her house, also died, leaving a will by which he bequeathed all his immense estates to her."

"Ah, ah!" said Lovell," "mystery number two. And how long is it since this old gentleman died?"

"About five years; and it is already hinted that his property has also very nearly gone."

"She must be a rather fast woman, Barton."

"She is. Her extravagance is beyond all bounds. She gratifies her lightest whim at any cost. Now do you wonder that I dislike her, and do you still wish to know her?"

"More than ever, my dear fellow. She strikes me as being a remarkable person, whom I should like excessively to visit. When will you take me to see her?"

"To-night, if you insist. She has weekly receptions; and as she likes to have her rooms well filled, I have no hesitation in taking my friend. Besides, if she knows you are rich, you will be sure to be welcome."

Lovell did insist; and that evening the two friends drove out to Mrs. Beverleigh's handsome house at Clapham. It was indeed an elegant house, surrounded by grounds that were exquisite in their fairy-like loveliness.

The friends found Mrs. Beverleigh in her spacious drawing-room, already well filled with guests, among whom she moved like a queen. Her dress was a rich, purple silk, cut low, so as to display her round, white shoulders.

She received Mr. Barton with stately courtesy; and as Mr. Lovell was presented, he felt the glance of those black eyes thrill through him strangely.

"And you have just returned from abroad, Mr. Lovell?" she said, when they had gone through the first commonplaces.

"Yes."

"How could you come back? how could you leave dear, delightful Italy?"

"I was, indeed, sorry to come away; but at this moment I rejoice at the accident which has brought me here," he replied gallantly.

She bowed, with one of her rare smiles. He did not like that smile. As the white teeth gleamed through the red lips, they suggested to him by an odd fancy the fangs of some savage wild beast. But presently he forgot this, and they talked of foreign places they had both visited, of the delights of Paris, and the languid beauty of Italy, until they were interrupted by the departure of the guests.

"You must come soon again, Mr. Lovell, that we may finish chatting of all these delightful places," she said, as he took his leave.

Lovell thanked her, and very speedily did go again. Indeed, day after day found him at Rose Cliff, as Mrs. Beverleigh called her place. He was constantly more and more fascinated with this strange, brilliant woman.

Once or twice, as he went on down the road that was so easy to traverse, there came to him faint warnings, scarcely heeded at the time, but well remembered afterwards.

One afternoon, when it had rained all the day drearily, Lovell went, by invitation, to dine with Mrs. Beverleigh. The dinner was very charming, served with the utmost elegance, and presided over by that fascinating woman with queenly grace. The meal over, the two went to the drawing-room; and while they sat there, Mrs. Beverleigh, who was luxurious to an extravagant degree in her tastes, expressed a wish for a flacon of some favorite perfumery.

"Ring the bell, will you, Mr. Lovell, and I will send for it."

"Let me go and get it," said the young man, starting up. "For this afternoon, at least, let me be your slave."

After some hesitation, Mrs. Beverleigh consented.

"Well, you may go, then. It is on the table in my boudoir."

Lovell knew the house quite well, having several times been in the second story on the occasions of the evening entertainments. He ascended the elegant staircase, and went to the boudoir where this beautiful woman had surrounded herself with every appliance of luxury and ornament. He easily found the golden flacon, and was returning with it, when an open door caught his eye. It seemed to lead to a dark entry; and he fancied he heard a faint call, as if for help, proceeding from its shaded depths.

Following an irresistable impulse, Lovell turned down this passage. At the extreme end of it was a door which stood ajar; and feeling as if he were still summoned by that faint, intangible cry, he pushed it open. It led into a small room corresponding to Mrs. Beverleigh's boudoir. The only window in it was partly open, and by the faint light that was admitted, he could dimly trace the outlines of the objects it contained. There was no carpet on the floor, and only a few articles of furniture; but leaning against the wall there was a full length portrait of a gentleman, and it seemed to Lovell, by some strange fancy, as if *this* was what had summoned him there.

The picture was of an old man—a fine, aristocratic-looking gentleman, with gray hair, and kind blue eyes—a face of so much interest, that its lineaments were at once impressed upon Lovell's recollection. He gazed at it for some moments, as if spell-bound. Then shaking off the strange fancy that an appealing look shone out of those earnest eyes, he turned, and searched the room to see if there was any living occupant of it who had appealed to him for help. He found nothing; and concluding that he must have heard the moaning of the wind through the open window, he left the place, followed seemingly by a faint sigh.

Going down stairs, he handed Mrs. Beverleigh the flacon, and then said, "Do you know, I stumbled into that other small room that corresponds to your boudoir."

"Did you?" asked Mrs. Beverleigh, with a sudden, quick glance.

"Yes, you must forgive me for the intrusion, but the doors were all open."

"All open? That is very strange. I always keep that room locked."

"They were open then, certainly; but whose portrait is that? I was quite fascinated with that fine face."

"It is a likeness of Mr. Philips," she said, in a low, hard tone.

"Indeed! It is a very good picture."

"Yes; it was painted by one of the first artists in Paris."

"It seems a pity to banish it to that dark room," said Lovell.

"The fact is," replied Mrs. Beverleigh, "the picture did hang downstairs; I didn't like it, and therefore sent it up there. But, come," she said, in a changed tone, "I think the rain has ceased; let us go out on the terrace."

Lovell was shocked and dismayed at this; it seemed so heartless thus to banish the picture of the man from whom she had received so much wealth; but before long he forgot all but what was lovely in the fascinations of his enchanting companion. Yet once alone again, this incident recurred to him painfully, and the warning of the sad eyes of that picture deterred him a little while from pledging himself to that dangerous woman.

However, before another week was gone, all his scruples had vanished; he found himself growing more and more madly in love with the beautiful widow, and at last, throwing every fear to the winds, he resolved to offer her his hand and fortune. He started for Rose Cliff one evening, full of this resolve. It was a fine moonlight night, and he preferred to walk from the railway station, rather than take a fly, as was his custom. He had reached the park gates, and was wholly absorbed in thinking of the lady he was so soon to meet, when, as he paused to open the wicket, he was inexpressibly startled by feeling his fingers arrested by the clasp of a cold hand.

He started back and looked around him, to see who was beside him. To his intense horror, he beheld between him and the gate a pale and shadowy form. It was the figure of a young man, with fair hair and light blue eyes; in one hand he held a pistol, which was raised to his own head, the other pointed menacingly towards Mrs. Beverleigh's elegant house. The unearthly form, in its strange attitude, was intensely impressive; the face stony in its awful sadness and the threatening look it turned towards that fairy palace.

Lovell stood spellbound with curdling blood, gazing upon the pale apparition; then, as it slowly faded away, he resumed his walk; but even then came, with nerves all unstrung, into Mrs. Beverleigh's presence. He had no fancy for love-making that night, and it was several days before he shook off the sinister impression; but he had at last almost succeeded in forgetting it, convincing himself that the phantom had been a mere creation of his brain, when he was once more startled by discovering whose was the pale spirit he had seen.

The features of the unearthly form were distinctly impressed on his memory; more than once at night he awoke with a start from a dream that had been haunted by that pale face and those despairing eyes. One afternoon, while waiting, as he frequently did, for the lady to complete her toilet, he went into the library and looked for a book to while away the time. His attention was arrested by the poem of "Rhododaphne," a little old-fashioned volume, that he might have passed by unnoticed, except that its title attracted him as that of a poem he had long wished to read. He took down the book and turned to the title-page; on the opposite leaf was written: "Zenobia Morton, from Willie Wilmot," and a date of fifteen years before.

In a moment, Lovell remembered the name as that of Mrs. Beverleigh's first love. Turning over the leaves curiously, he observed that passages were marked here and there, and presently a picture fluttered out on the floor. It was the likeness of a young man, a colored pencil sketch. As he held it in his hand, Lovell recognized with a thrill the features of the phantom who had barred his way to Rose Cliff; he was still gazing spell-bound on the delicate face, when Mrs. Beverleigh entered.

"What absorbs you so, Mr. Lovell?" she asked.

For answer he silently raised the picture. She started back with a sudden paleness.

"Where did you find that?" she asked, in a startled tone.

"In this book."

She snatched the sketch book from his hand, and with sudden passion tore it to pieces.

"It is mere trash!" she exclaimed, impatiently, as she tossed the fragments through the window.

"It was a handsome face," said Lovell. "Was it a likeness of Wilmot?"

"Yes. He gave me that book. He thought I was like like Rhododaphne," she replied with a contemptuous shrug of her handsome shoulders.

"I have never read the poem. Will you lend it to me?"

"Oh, certainly!" she said, carelessly. And the hard look which had come into her face faded away as she sat down beside him, and put on her softest manner to captivate him once again.

She was indeed a very enchantress. Warned as he had been, Lovell could not resist the alluring charm; he came nearer and nearer to that beautiful syren, until, before he parted with her, he had clasped her in his arms, and said words he might find it hard to unsay.

Mrs. Beverleigh was triumphant. She at once announced her engagement to her intimates, and it was from strangers that Barton heard of his friend's entanglement. To tell the truth, Lovell shrank from avowing his folly to his sensible companion, and felt almost ashamed when Tom came in to see him.

"Well, Lovell," he asked; "is this really true that I hear, that you are engaged to Mrs. Beverleigh?"

Lovell was a little at startled at hearing it in such a set phrase.

"Well, I suppose it will amount to that. But how did you hear it?"

"Simply enough: all the town is talking of it."

"I don't see how it got abroad so soon," said Lovell. "I only really spoke to her yesterday, and I have told no one."

"My dear fellow, she has announced it. She is resolved to keep you fast until she has at least secured your fortune; after that, beware!"

"Barton, I don't like to hear you speak so of the lady I suppose I shall marry."

"You must excuse me, my dear fellow, but I cannot congratulate you; you know I never did like her."

"Then let us talk of something else."

"All right. Suppose we go out for a drive. My cousin Nellie came yesterday; will you go and see her with me?"

"Yes, with pleasure."

So the two young men were soon on their way out to Mr. Pelham's country-seat, where Nellie Barton was staying. It was a fine place, and on reaching it they were shown into a large, handsome room. There were several pictures in the room; and while they waited, Lovell walked about, looking at them. Presently he came to a portrait which seemed to attract him irrestiibly. It was the likeness of a man about forty, with thick black hair, small black eyes, and full, dark beard; not a handsome face, nor a very good face, but stood examining it with strange curiosity.

"What is it that you are looking at?" asked Barton, as he joined him. "Ah, I see! You ought to be interested in that; it is the likeness of your predecessor."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Beverleigh, the widow's former husband. He was a relative of Mr. Pelham's and gave him the portrait before his marriage."

At this moment, the ladies entered; but even as he turned away, and all during his visit Lovell seemed to be haunted by those sinister black eyes.

Nellie Barton was a lovely young girl, pure and innocent aspect, with soft gray eyes, and pale chestnut hair. Lovell admired her very much; and even then a faint thought crossed his mind of how much better suited to him as a wife she would seem than the bold-eyed woman to whom he was pledged.

At night, Lovell was to go again to see Mrs. Beverleigh; and for the first time since that evening when he had seen the phantom of her boy-lover, he went on foot from the railway station. Once again, it was moonlight; and he opened the gate, a faint thrill ran through him at the remembrance of that ghostly clasp. However, no obstacle met him at the entrance; but he had not proceeded far, when suddenly, in his path, rose that same pale form.

With curdling blood, Lovell paused as the ghostly figure, always with one hand holding the pistol pointed to his head, with the other motioned him back. For a few moments, Lovell stood irresolute; then the spirit drew nearer, always seeming to warn him away, until suddenly he felt the icy breath that preceded its touch.

Then, with a thrill of horror, Lovell turned out of the path, and struck across the lawn towards the house.

He had taken only a few rapid steps, when suddenly across his way rose up another shadowy form. This time, it was the pallid likeness of the old man whose portrait Lovell had seen in the disused room.

The moonlight shone down on his silver hair and his mournful face; in one hand he held a small phial, which seemed to emit a faint, deadly odor; the other was pointed first towards the house, and then extended to press Lovell back as the other had done.

Almost maddened, Lovell, after a moment, again turned, and by another path endeavored to reach the house. Once again, and for the third time, he was arrested. Another pale shadow rose before him. This time, it was a short man, with black hair, full beard, and black eyes. Lovell instantly knew it to be the face and form of the husband of that beautiful woman. The arms were extended as in wild entreaty, and the pallid features were convulsed with an expression of abject fear. As Lovell again paused, the swaying phantom sprang towards him, moving its thin hands. It drew nearer, and then, with a cry, the young man, overcome at last, turned and fled.

Once, for a moment, he subdued his terror sufficiently to pause and look back. There, illumined by the moonlight, spread the portico, while beneath it stood that fair woman, holding out her white arms towards her lover; but as he would have gone towards her, behold those three pale

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THE
AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER.

Francis, of Naples, was one of the most crafty of Italian despots. His handsome person was graced with a polished demeanor eminently Machiavelian. His chief adviser and prime minister was Cardinal Gonzales, a man of great astuteness and an almost boundless ambition. His lofty mind and noble sentiments had, however, been moderated by his ecclesiastical education. The great oblect of his life was the pontificate, a dignity to which he had for many years aspired. This had been the glittering bait held out to him by King Francis, who had promised him his influence on the death of the Pope, an event daily expected.

Among the most influential nobles of the Neapolitan Court was the Count of Syracuse, the commander of the army, whose only son, Andrian, was betrothed to Joanna, daughter of the Duke de Vendome, the French Ambassador to the Court of Naples.

Joanna was a woman who inherited from her father all the French vivacity, while from her Italian mother she had a depth and earnestness seldom found in the Gallic race. Her beauty also partook of the Italian style. She was indeed a rare specimen of perfect womanhood, being as gentle in her manners as she was virtuous and devout in her conduct.

The king, who had been a widower for some years, had lately conceived a passion for her, which only awaited a favorable opportunity to reverl itself. In this passion he was encouraged by Chatelet, one of those infamous minions who are ever ready to pander to a tyrant's pleasures. The admiration of the king had not been unsuspected by Joanna, but she had pretended not to notice it, fearful of causing a rupture between the king and Andrian, whose safety she prized above life itself.

But however violent the king's passion might be for the beautiful Joanna, his prudence dictated caution, lest he should incur the hostility of France, a country with which he was very anxious to remain on good terms. He, therefore, studiously avoided doing anything to outrage the feelings of the daughter of the French ambassador.

This was the position of affairs when the cardinal received a despatch from the Eternal City, announcing the death of the Pope. The succeeding day brought the news that the election had fallen upon Cardinal Ruspina, in whose favor the influence of Francis had been employed. When Cardinal Gonzales was satisfied the king had played him false in this matter, his rage was unbounded; but to carry out his vengeance the more effectually, he resolved to conceal his disappointment, and he therefore, when condoled with by the king on the unforeseen result of the election, assured the monarch that he would rather remain as his trusted friend and adviser than wear the triple crown of Rome. The elevation of Ruspina to the Chair of St. Peter greatly pleased the tyrant of Naples, as he felt assured of having a powerful friend in one whom he had contributed to raise to the throne, and who was consequently bound to him by ties of gratitude. In a conversation a few days afterward, the cardinal dwelt with great eloquence upon the beauty of Joanna, and so inflamed the king's fancy that the royal voluptuary resolved to venture upon the bold step of sending Chatelet to the proud Frenchwoman with a costly gift, and to avow his love. He had been restrained from this extreme step, hitherto, by his fear of the cardinal, whom he well knew to be a friend of Vendome's; but the cardinal had so lightly spoken of the king's passion for Joanna, that his last scruple had vanished. As the cardinal left the king, that sagacious churchman saw the pit the royal traitor was blindly digging for himself.

"Thus commences my vengeance," said the cardinal, to himself; "a rupture with France, and the alienation of the Count of Syracuse and his powerful party."

On his way to the Duke de Vendome's palace, the wily prelate called upon the Count of Syracuse, and requested Andrian would meet him at the duke's palace in an hour. As he had surmised, he arrived just in time to see the effect of the king's proposal and the scorn of Joanna, whose indignation was excessive. When he entered the room, his experienced eye saw at a glance the situation. The costly bracelet was on the floor, crushed by her foot, while Chatelet stood angry and humiliated. The next moment or so, Vendome and Andrian entered the apartment.

Stung by the insult, Andrian denounced the king as a tyrant, and swore vengeance upon him. Upon Chatelet resenting the remarks, Andrian drew his sword, and but for the cardinal, would have killed the villainous courtier on the spot.

"You had better retire, Chatelet," said the cardinal, "and report to the king the failure of your mission. I will endeavor to repair the evil."

Bursting with rage and mortification, the courtier withdrew.

"The king is mad," said the cardinal; "the insult is too gross to admit of any other excuse; but do nothing rashly."

"The majesty of France has been insulted in my person," was De Vendome's proud remark, "and the national honor must be avenged."

"Leave all to me till to-morrow," said the churchman; "I will at once to the king, and learn the reason of this insult. Perhaps that miserable tool, Candelet, has misunderstood his master."

So saying, he took his departure for the palace. He found the king and Chatelet in the royal cabinet. It was evident the discomfited courtier had laid the entire failure of his mission upon Andrian, against whom the king's wrath was intense.

Telling Chatelet to retire, the cardinal reproached the king with having sent so notorious a profligate on such a delicate mission, and told the king to leave the management in his hands. At the same time, he advised the king to arrest the young noble Andrian for treason, and if he resisted, to execute summary vengeance.

This counsel was so agreeable to the king's inflamed vanity, that he immediately sent Chatelet with a guard to put the warrant against Andrian into force.

"Her lover out of the way," suggested the cardinal, "Joanna will listen, doubtless, to reason!"

With a grim smile the cardinal went to the Duke de Vendome's palace. He found that Chatelet had dragged Andrian from the very presence of the ambassador, despite the duke's threats of the vengeance of France.

When the duke and Joanna had related to the cardinal what had passed during his absence, he said:

"The tyrant it not mad, but he is lost to all sense of honor. He reckons on the friendship of the new pope, whom he has helped to make. My lord duke, I will aid you in this terrible emergency, but you must follow my advice."

The more the cardinal reflected upon the king's conduct, the deadlier grew his indignation.

"Traitor!" said he to himself, "death is too small a punishment for your crime! But I will have full vengeance; better that you had never been born than to have made me you dupe!"

Touching an alarum on the table, he sat back in his chair, his composed features betraying no signs of the mental storm that raged within him.

"Father Anselmo," said the cardinal, "fetch Languenon, the bravo, to me."

The monk inclined his head and withdrew.

"If ever man had cause to hate another, Languenon hates the king. My voice alone saved him from the bravo's steel when he so outraged Ursula, the bravo's daughter. Now I can bring his hate to wreak my will. Of all the merciless men alive, Languenon excels them all, save one. Yes, by this emblem before me," exclaimed the cardinal, gazing upon a crucifix, "I swear to let this miserable despot know what 'tis to dupe Gonzales. A wretched idiot to wage war with me—to put his miserable brain 'gainst mine."

Rising from his seat, the cardinal paced the spacious apartment with a measured tread characteristic of his stately nature. Then, resuming his seat, he sat, with his hands folded and his head bent, awaiting the coming of Languenon.

In about an hour Father Anselmo entered the room, and announced the arrival of the expected visitor.

"Usher him in," said the cardinal, "and then retire."

The next minute Languenon stood before him The conference between the cardinal and the bravo was short. That it was satisfactory to both was evident, for as Languenon walked away his features glared with a savage satisfaction perfectly fiendish. But it would require a very acute observer to discover any change in the aspect of Gonzales. The only signs of satisfaction his classic feature revealed was a composure so stern as to be almost grim.

After writing several short letters, which he gave to Father Anselmo to despatch, the cardinal crossed the garden which separated his palace from that of the king, and was immediately ushered into the royal presence.

"My dear and trusty friend, what news?" exclaimed the king.

"When did a royal lover sue in vain?" was the cardinal's reply.

"You give me hopes; but, my dear cardinal, pardon a lover's fond impatience."

"I have prevailed," said the other.

"Thanks — thanks — a thousand thanks! You shall be pope; his holiness is already failing in health."

If the king had the power of reading what passed in the cardinal's breast as the royal hypocrite again used the same bait, he would have shuddered; but the ecclesiastic was too skilled in the art of dissembling his feelings to allow any emotion to be visible. In a tone of assumed self-reproach, he said:

"Nothing except the affection I cherish for you can justify my acts to my own conscience; but I have pledged my sacred office to the fair Joanna that, at a convenient time, you will make her your queen."

"I will redeem your word; but when am I to see her?"

"To night."

The royal voluptuary's eyes fairly glittered with his joy.

"When and where—and the conditions?"

"Are these," answered the cardinal. "'Twas partly vengeance that made her yield."

"Vengeance! What mean you?"

"I have promised that Chatelet shall be disgraced and banished for his insult to her."

"He shall without delay. Nay, to please her, the ax shall drink his blood."

A peculiar smile flitted over the cardinal's face.

"You smile," said the king. "At what?"

"At royal gratitude," was the churchman's response. "That man, Chatelet, although a profligate, has often sold his soul for your majesty."

THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER.—"VILLAINS, UNHAND ME! KNOW YE WHO I AM?" CRIED THE ASTONISHED MONARCH.

"Tush!" said the king, impatiently. "Tell me about Joanna."

"In order to prevent the duke from seeking her in the palace here, I have arranged that, in the disguise of a nun, she will meet you in the Monastery of St. Jude's an hour before midnight. You must be disguised as a monk. I have brought the habit with me. Let none know your movements. Dismiss your chamberlain, and tell him you are ill, and you will retire early. Then leave the dress you now wear in your apartment, putting on your disguise. Then go through the secret door into the garden. A horse will be there, tied to the tree nearest to the marble Faun."

The king was profuse in his professions of regard for his friend the cardinal.

Immediately proceeding to the Duke de Vendome's, he instructed Joanna in the part she had to perform in her drama of vengeance.

Like most men who are isolated from the domestic humanities of life, Gonzales had either crushed the common sentiments of our nature, or else they had withered away for want of that sustenance which the family relations afford. Not that he was naturally cruel or bloodthirsty, but he had reasoned himself into the faith that whatever was necessary to himself was justifiable. Hence he resolved to win Joanna over to his plot for vengeance on the faithless tyrant who had destroyed his hopes of obtaining the crowning object of his life. Well acquainted with the impulsive and shifting character of woman, he feared the indignation she felt at the insult offered to her by the king—nay, even the fact of her lover Andrian's arrest—would be insufficient to persuade her to join in a plot to dethrone, much less to put his royal betrayer to death. He, therefore, resolved to intensify her hatred against Francis by sacrificing her lover.

Accordingly, in his next interview with the king, he artfully persuaded him that the only obstacle to his success with the fair Joanna was Andrian, and, in addition to this, that young noble was now dangerous, since he would be anxious to avenge the affront Joanna conceived she had received through Chatelet. In a word, the wily churchman so artfully inflamed the king's jealousy, envy, and fears, that he dispatched Chatelet with an order for Andrian's immediate execution. This would also answer the double purpose of forcing the Count of Syracuse into the plot against the murderer of his son.

Having succeeded in his purpose, he proceeded to the prison where Andrian was confined, and left directions with a trusty dependent there to come on to him at the Duke de Vendome's the instant the ax should have severed the head from Andrian's body.

Having arranged these matters, he went to Vendome's, calling on the Count of Syracuse, whom he took with him to the duke's palace. On his arrival there he found the duke and Joanna also were against the king in the highest degree.

The duke was engaged in dictating to his secretary a dispatch to his court, recounting the outrage on the majesty of France, and urging the immediate dispatch of a fleet to Naples to enforce ample apology and reparation. Joanna was in the same apartment, her face rigid as marble, and with lips compressed.

Upon their entrance, the duke discontinued dictating his letter, and joined in their deliberations. While thus engaged, the cardinal's messenger arrived, and in a few, brief, hurried words announced the execution of Andrian.

Horror sat upon all. The cardinal, taking Joanna by the hand, led her to an embrasure, and there held a long conference, carried on in a low tone. It is needless to relate what was arranged.

As the cardinal left the room, he said, in a low and emphatic tone: "The tyrant has ceased to reign."

Joanna's eyes glittered as she uttered: "The tyrant dies!"

An hour before the appointed time, Joanna, disguised as a Sister of Charity, arrived at the old monastery of St. Jude. Pausing beneath the cloister, the desolate but vindictive woman gazed on the scene before her. The moonlight was soft and bright. All was silent, save the multitudinous waves, beating time, as it were, on the shores of eternity: around her stood in gloomy repose the forest, with its breezy voices sighing among the myriad boughs.

"Vengeance," murmured Joanna, "outruns old Time. I've felt the minutes drag when waiting for my Andrian, but never did I feel them crawl so slow as now, when I am waiting for his murderer."

The sound of measured footsteps was heard, and the next moment she saw that it was the cardinal.

Approaching her, he said:

"My gentle daughter, you are before your time; as grievous a fault, almost as great as being after it."

Joanna replied:

"I could not rest. I have a mighty thirst upon my soul, which I must slake with blood."

"You have a cause which justifies your hate; bereft of all that renders life delicious, your soul demands a vengeance equal to your wrongs."

"Remind me not of what I have lost," replied Joanna, in a deep voice.

As she uttered the last woad, the cardinal laid his hand gently upon her arm, and in a whisper, said,

"I hear a step. I know it is the king. He also is before his time; delay him in soft parlance till Languenon arrives. I will retire, but say not you have seen me."

Saying this, he glided behind a heavy pillar of the monastery, where he could hear all that passed between Joanna and the tyrant, without being seen himself.

"Your majesty is late; looks this like love?" said she.

"Pardon me," replied the king, "that I have kept you waiting; but loveliest, see a king pleading at your feet, and for the beardless youth you have lost, accept a powerful monarch, whose sole wish will be to please you."

A slight noise made the king pause in his protestations.

"What noise is that, Joanna?"

"Your fancy sire."

Ashamed of his weakness, he said:

"My peerless Joanna—for such I mean to make you—dost think that you can love me?"

In a soft voice she answered:

"I must rather ask whether you love me?"

"Upon these knees I swear," exclaimed the king, throwing himself upon one knee—"I swear to love you and devote myself to your service."

He was here suddenly stopped in his asservations, for ere he could rise, Languenon and his bravoes pinioned his arms and proceeded to bind him.

"Villains, unhand me! Know ye who I am?" cried the astonished monarch.

"You *were* the kind, but now you are my prisoner," replied a voice which filled the wretched man's soul with terror, for he knew instinctively that it was the voice of an enemy, but whose it was he could not define.

The cardinal now glided from behind the pillar, and taking Joanna's hand, whispered:

"Daughter, are you not avenged?"

"Not yet—not yet!" was her reply.

The cardinal then drew Languenon aside, and gave him some directions in a voice audible to him alone. The bravoes then hurried their prisoner to the rear of the old monastery. When the sound of their footsteps had ceased, the churchman took Joanna's hand, and said:

"Come, my fair daughter, you shall lecture him in his dungeon on his misdeeds. 'Twill wound him deeper than the bravo's steel."

They then slowly passed into the cloister.

For a passing moment it flashed across the king's mind that the plot had been so admirably formed and carried out, that it was the work of the cardinal's hand, but the reflection that Gonzales derived his authority from him led him to dismiss the suspicion as soon as formed, for the king did not knew that the cardinal was perfectly aware of his royal friend's treachery in the recent election. He therefore concluded that the cardinal had been made the dupe of Vendome and Joanna and the Count of Syracuse. The only grain of consolation in his present wretchedness was that the cardinal's sagacity would soon discover where he was concealed, and hasten to release him. He saw at a glance that Joanna had only promised to meet him to get him into her power.

His meditations were suddenly brought to a close by the same mysterious voice commanding them to halt. Then loud blows were struck upon a door, evidently lined with iron, and after a few seconds the signal was returned. The grating of rusty bolts was then heard, and the swing of heavy gates.

The king was led down some twenty steps, and the chill that struck through his frame convinced him they were in the subterranean dungeons of the monastery. Then came the confused whispering of several voices, as though in discussion. This lent him a momentary courage, and he cried:

"Know ye that I am the king?"

"Peace!" said the ominous voice.

The habit of command overcame his prudence, and he exclaimed:

"Villains and traitors, the axe shall punish this outrage!"

"Gag the tyrant if he speaks another word," calmly retorted the leader of the band.

The next minute the captive despot was led into the vault selected for his dungeon. The cloak was then removed, and the baffled sensualist beheld himself in a stone vault, about twelve feet square.

The glare of the torch showed that there was no window to give a chance of escape. A miserable pallet and a chair constituted the entire furniture. Nor could he ascertain who were his captors, for every one of them was masked. As he turned his head around, he was suddenly thrown down on the floor, manacles were placed on his hands, and chains on his feet.

Suddenly the light was extinguished, the door was banged to, and the wretched monarch was left alone in utter darkness. The only vent for his sufferings was contemplating the vengeance he would wreak when he was released.

The most disturbing circumstance about his imprisonment, awful and unexpected as it might be, was in that ominous, half-familiar but still unknown voice, the very slightest of whose tones sent the blood curdling through his veins.

That he had heard it, he well knew; that he had deeply wronged the possessor of it, he was equally convinced; and that an undefined horror at its sound came over him, he was as equally persuaded.

No death-knell ever struck such horror into the superstitious heart of guilt, as did the solemn sound into the heart of the unfortunate king.

The only chance he felt of escape was the vigilance of the cardinal, and on this he built his hopes with the most unwavering certainty. Indeed, if the cardinal did not soon rescue him, he should be compelled, absurd as it might appear, to consider him as one of the conspirators.

The opening of the dungeon door made him look up. The person who entered was the man whose voice had so mysteriously reminded the king of some forgotten passage in his life. But although he now wore no mask, and the torch-light fell full on his face, he could not recall where he had heard the voice or seen the face.

"Here, tyrant, is some bread and wine; though, as you are so soon to die, I do not see the good of wasting it on you."

"So soon! What mean you friend?"

"Don't call me friend: I hate you, and am your deadly enemy."

"I never wronged you. Why, then, should you hate me?"

"You never wronged me? fool!—know you who I am?"

"No."

"I am the father of the nun Ursula, whom your villainy killed."

"Ha!" shrieked the king; "the brava Languenon!"

"You now may know your chance of mercy. In two hours, by this hand, you die! Were you to bid the universe as a bribe, it were in vain; I thirst to slay you!"

"You will not slay my soul!"

"I will send a priest, but make quick shrift."

So saying, he departed, leaving the wretched king once more in utter darkness.

The king saw now that the only chance for his life was to bribe the friar who came to shrive him, to inform the cardinal of his position. It was, therefore, with an impatient anguish, beyond the power of words, that he listened for the slightest sound announcing the friar's approach. After a suspense of some half hour, which to the wretched man seemed centuries, the door turned on its harsh hinges, and a Franciscan friar stood before him. His face was entirely concealed by his cowl. While the king was revolving in his mind the best method of breaking his proposition to the friar, the latter said, in a deep, sepulchral voice:

"Peace be with you, my son. I have come to receive your confession."

"Holy father, do you know who I am?" was the king's eager and anxious question.

"I do. You were the king, but now deposed for most unkingly crimes."

"Can you, then, see your sovereign butchered?"

"I do not come to argue, but to shrive you," replied the friar, in the same dull, passionless, sepulchral tone.

"Good father, take this ring to my dear friend, Cardinal Gonzales; take it without delay, and on my kingly soul, I swear I will heap wealth and rank upon you. You shall share with me my royal power."

"Son, forget this world and all its sinful vanities. The minutes haste which bear you to the grave!"

"Do you refuse to bear this to the cardinal?"

"Banish these futile hopes; think of the grave and your soul. But if you want not me I will retire."

"I cannot die—I will not die—I dare not die. Think of the height from which I have fallen! Go to Languenon—plead for me—I will endow a chapel in memory of his daughter Ursula!"

"In vain! Farewell!" said the friar, moving toward the door.

"Stay, holy father, stay! Have pity on me! Give me some hope of life!"

"That word again," the monk replied, "and I depart without according you the consolations of the church."

The king, seeing all his efforts vain, reluctantly discarded all hopes of mercy. Then he retired to the further part of the dungeon, and in a low, tremulous voice, confessed to the friar.

When the king had finished unburdening his guilt-laden conscience, his companion said, in a horror-stricken voice:

"Never, my son, till now, have I heard of such crimes as those which stain your soul. I dare not give you absolution. I should bring anathemas upon myself for such an act. To give you hope of mercy would be to bring damnation on my own soul! And then, to crown your sins, you perjure your soul to thwart the cardinal's hope of the papal chair. Oh, heinous crime! Surely no man ever had a truer friend than he has been to you! It also shows how little chance of gratitude there was for me had I listened to your promises of preferment. Farewell! there is no hope of pardon for you from either man or God!"

The wretched king now descended to the most pitiful entreaties.

"Since I must die," he cried, in his agony, "absolve me, father; kill not my immortal soul!"

"I dare no longer stay," rejoined the friar. "Farewell!"

As he said this he quitted the dungeon. Again it was locked upon the miserable tyrant, who threw himself down upon the damp stone-floor, a prey to the most tormenting reflections.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, "despair has seized my body, soul, and mind. Oh, death, thou art more terrible than all I ever dreamed thou wert. Thou art the king of horror, and thy face is more than flesh can gaze upon unappalled."

At this moment the Franciscan friar re-entered the dungeon, and said:

"The cardinal is here; he comes to see you; by what means he hath gained knowledge of your prison none can tell."

The king now, assured of his safety, gave loose to his vindictive passions, and with an eye flashing with malice, exclaimed:

"Now, shaven dog!"—then suddenly recollecting himself, he stopped, and after a minute, said: "Your pardon, holy father—I was mad! Not a word of my deceit to the cardinal. I will promote you; send his eminence to me."

When the friar departed, he exclaimed, in the ferocious joy of his heart:

"Now, villains, it will be your turn to howl: to-morrow and the torture-rack will tear you. I knew the cardinal would search me out."

He then waited with eager impatience the arrival of his friend, His dungeon-door again opened, and the friar appeared, leading a lady, closely vailed.

"This lady craves speech with you before you die."

"Die, shaven fool!" exclaimed the king, with an ironical air. "Where is the cardinal?"

The friar threw back his cowl, and revealed to the astonished king the countenance of the cardinal.

"Here, royal hypocrite—the cardinal is here! behold your dupe!"

Clasping his hands together, the king cried:

"Now I am past all praying for."

"Thou art," fiercely retorted the prelate; "thy life's not worth a dog's; but see, I keep the promises I make. I vowed to bring, ere midnight tolled, this lovely dame to you; doubtless, you'd like to whisper love to her. I leave you with her, as a source of comfort for the last half hour of life."

Having said this, the cardinal left the dungeon, leaving Joanna with the king. Although the latter felt more keenly than ever that his chance of escape was hopeless, since the cardinal was the prime mover of the plot, he yet resolved to make one last appeal to the woman's tenderness of Joanna. He, therefore, broke the silence by saying:

"Fair lady, a woman's heart has ever been the chosen shrine of pity! Men, even fathers, brothers, sons, or friends, fly from us; but a mother or a wife clings all the closer to the wretch who owns no friend to favor him on earth."

The lady scornfully replied:

"What words are those, and for whose ears designed?"

The king answered in his most insinuating tone:

"Lady, for thine; surely the spectacle of a monarch plunged to this low depth of misery must be potent in your eyes, and draw the pitying tear?"

In a subdued but implacable voice she said:

"I shed the last when Andrian died. I am not woman now, but his fierce soul, walking the earth for vengeance."

"Listen, Joanna," rejoined the wily monarch, in his most plausible voice; "you will not forgive a deed I did, urged by my love for you? Your brow would grace a crown—then deign to wear it! What's done can never be recalled—the dead no prayers can bring to life; then turn your eyes from a dead lover's grave unto a throne which woos you to ascend it. On these knees I swear I long have loved you—none but you; and now I swear by all the saints in heaven to wed you if you aid me to escape!"

Recoiling from him as far as the walls of the dungeon would permit, and looking at him with ineffable contempt, she exclaimed:

"Groveling reptile! thinkest thou that I, who boasted Andrian as my plighted husband, could stoop to you? Inhuman villain! I came to sting you with my fierce reproach, and then to kill you! Andrian watches to behold me faithful to my oath; his blood cries out for vengeance!"

Roused by the recollections of her wrongs, her mind had evidently become disturbed, for, drawing a dagger which she had hitherto worn beneath her cloak, and holding it up, she gazed upon the king with the ferocity of a tigress about to spring upon her prey.

There was something so terrible in her look, that the king's apprehensions were aroused that she might, in her present excited condition, take his life. Seeing her brandishing the dagger, the monarch advanced, and said, in a deprecating tone of voice:

"Surely, if you scorn my love, you will not take my life!" and, sinking on his knees, the abject tyrant begged for mercy. The infuriated woman paused, and looking down on him contemptuously, murmured:

"To think that such a craven as thou should'st rob the world of such as Andrian. Thou art too abject for even a woman's hand! How many kneeled to thee for his life—my Andrian's life!" she continued, wildly, and raising her voice to a pitch of frenzy: "I hear him now rebuke me for delay. It rings around through all these walls. Gaze, cruel murderer, on his bloody shroud! behold his eyes, on which I have gazed till mine own grew dim with their sweet brightness; see that comely head, whose flowing locks I've played with; see! it falls from the scaffold! Tyrant, thou wast his murderer! Andrian calls for vengeance!"

Perfectly overmastered now by her madness, she rushed at the king, and stabbing him to the heart, she cried:

"'Tis Andrian's hand that strikes! I slay thee now, an offering to his ghost!"

The blow was so sudden, that the king, unable to ward it, sunk at her feet, and murmuring feebly, "Inhuman fiend, to kill a fettered man!" breathed his last.

Gazing on the motionless body before her, the now avenged woman cried, triumphantly:

"Rest, gentle Andrian, rest! I come to share thy grave!" and sinking beside the corpse, she took the head in her lap, and looking at it steadfastly, said, musingly: "I thought my Andrian had a fairer face; but he is dead, and so is Andrian dead."

She then relapsed into silence, and when the

cardinal entered, he found to his unbounded astonishment that the cares of both were over; the king had lost his life, and the fair Joanna her reason.

FRIGHTFUL CONDITION OF OHIO.

The Experiences of a Poor Girl.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

SEVERAL days ago a girl aged about fourteen years of age, named Sarah Vansickle, came to Columbus, Ohio from Groveport, in search of employment. Being unacquainted with city life, she was easily deceived, and soon after her arrival, was engaged by a man who, under pretence of hiring her to wait on his sick wife, took her to a house of ill-fame, but refusing to prostitute herself, she was driven away, and then taken to another house of the same character. The keeper of this house having a little soul left, tried to persuade her to return home. She left this house only to be followed by a party of ruffians, who determined to ruin her. One of them engaged her to work for him, and as soon as they were on the outskirts of the town, attempted to outrage her person. Her cries brought assistance, and she was brought to the city. The next day a man who heard her story, while pretending to be a friend to her, took her into the woods east of the town, and, with the assistance of another scoundrel, again attempted to ruin her. Her screams brought a German, who found her bleeding at the nose and mouth. One of the men attempted to gag her, while the other threatened to kill the German, who left to go for assistance; but when he returned the men and girl were gone. The girl afterwards went to the house of Lieut. Rush, of the police, and stated that she had escaped from the men. She was then, at her own request, sent to the County Infirmary; but measures will be taken to have her removed to the Home of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. This is the most diabolical outrage of the season.

ALL SORTS.

SURE way to stop a woman's mouth—Kiss it.

THE best drawing lesson—Drawing a salary.

A FRIENDY suit—A Quaker's dress.

A COLD snap—Breaking your leg on ice.

A REVOLUTION in billiards—The Cue-ban revolution.

HIGH Masonry—A bricklayer on a five-story building.

SONG for gluttons—"When the swallows homeward fly," &c.

A WOMAN's heart, like the moon, should have only one man in it.

ONE of the knowing ones considers a sore throat preventative a hoarse-guard.

YOUNG men anxious to get rid of their wild oats will do well to get a sewing machine, and then get a good wife to run it.

A LUNATIC asylum for persons crazy on solving the United States financial problem, is proposed.

THE *St. Paul Press* calls the Chicago Sorosis Convention the "Grand Tournament of the Knights of the Garter."

WHETHER winking is natural, depends on circumstances—viz., whether you have a cinder or a pretty girl in your eye.

FALSE teeth cannot be worn at Austin, Nevada. The atmospheric pressure is too small at that altitude—6,000 feet.

PARISIAN lady equestrians are said to be discarding their old riding habits, and now habitually ride astride.

BALD-HEADED men take a joke more easily, because they are not at the trouble of "getting it through their hair."

"HOG or dog?—that's the question," as Robinson said when he sat down to a plate of fried sausages.

SIX idiotic children in one family in Martin county, Indiana, attest the fruitful benefits of marriage between cousins.

"I SAY, John, where did you get that rogue's hat?"

"Please your honor," said John, "'tis an old one of yours that missus gave me yesterday, when you went to town."

THE first lesson of a student of the velocipede in Providence cost him $125. He went through a show window.

WHY is kissing your sweetheart like eating soup with a fork? Because it takes a long time to get enough of it.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's son, Joe, smokes good cigars, drinks good liquor, gets drunk, plays poker, licks his wife, and preaches the gospel.

A KANSAS paper, sneering at the stupidity of a cotemporary, says: "The best thing he has got off this week is a dirty shirt."

THE Alaska girls of the period are said to begin dinner with a bottle of whiskey, and close the repast with a copious draught of whale oil.

A MISSISSIPPI catfish has been caught with a cannon ball in his stomach. He evidently swallowed it during "the late difficulty."

AN ice-house laborer being killed by a lump of ice falling on his head, the verdict was, "died of hard drink."

"WHAT's that?" asked a schoolmaster, pointing to the letter X. "It's daddy's name." "No, you blockhead, it's X." "Taint X. neither; it's daddy's name, for I seed him write it many a time."

AN Alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall.

"I must first dine with you," replid he, "and see how you open your mouth, that I may know what sort of words will fit it."

REASON FOR THICK ANKLES.

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick,
What makes my ankles grow so thick,"
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
How great a calf they have to carry."

A Distinguished Vagrant.

Once on the Staff of Stonewall Jackson, Now "on" the Staff of Life.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb., 26.

A VERY dilapidated and altogethr *outre* specimen of "our common humanity," Alex. McGregory by name, was one of the first to march in single file from the "cage," into the august presence of the City Court yesterday morning. He had been found lounging around the lunch houses and wherever else the good hasty-plate-of soupers most do congregate, begging soup and fractionals. The police thought him eligible to a seat on a rock pile under the overseership of Alfriend. Hence the McGregory, whose foot was not upon his native heath, was locked up as a suspected felon, preparatory to his quiet transportation to the granite hills that mirror their dingy peaks in the classic waters of Beargrass.

Mc Gregory was very flippant, but his stories to the police were as various and zigzag as his course and habits about the city seem to have been. He remarked, with much self-importance, at the first opportunity, that he had been a member of Stonewall Jackson's staff, and would doubtless have recounted all the struggles with the insolent foe in the imminent deadly breach, the myriad accidents by flood and field, and the hairbreadth escapes by which the Stonewall Brigade and its brave commander were and ever will be distinguished—McGregory would doubtless have narrated all these and many more things concerning the war in Virginia, had he not been interrupted. At the next "put in" he represented himself as a "trapper" from the far West, and was about entering upon a vivid portrayal of the wild scenes and desperate encounters with the savage men and beasts of that star-of-empire celebrated point of the compass, when he was stopped by a change of subject on the part of his captors. Again he related that he had spent his last dollar in Frankfort, and there pawted his only coat for money to pay railroad fare to Louisville. He wound up his eventful yarn by saying that he was endeavoring to work his way to New Orleans, where he had friends upon whose generosity he could rely for mending his fractnred fortunes.

Judge Craig, albeit one of the most compassionate of men, could not acquit McGregory. He went to the vagran's home in default of $100 bond. Thinking of McGregory's once valiant career as a staff officer, one cannot help sighing *sic transit gloria mundi.*

A CRAZY CREED.

"Women's Rights" Carried to Extremes—Rev. Mrs. Buffum's "New American Church."

[Chicago, Ill., February 27.]

THE vagaries of the human mind in respect to religious matters, are sometimes past ordinary belief, but the strangest combination of folly, blasphemy and credulity which has come to light of late is that embodied in what is called "The New American Church," of which one Mrs. Buffum, in this city, claims to be the "President," and which she tells us, in a note, "is regularly formed and contains about 800 members." This deluded woman transmits, with a request for publication, the following notice:

"Rev. Mrs. Buffum preaches the gospel of Lord the Mother, God the Father, Christ the Son, and Soul the Daughter, sustaining herself by the Holy Bible, at the New American Church, every day in the week, Sunday excepted, at 194 South Clark street, Room 11."

She also sends her "little book," filled with insufferable nonsense on the subject of "the new Church, with woman at the head," and the following "prayer," which is almost too mocking to print;

"*Let us pray to the Divine Family*:—Lord the Mother, God the Father, Christ the Son, and Soul the Daughter, hallowed be your names; may your Queendom and Kingdom come and be with us as it is with you. We render thanks, that the *Trinity* or triangle has been superceded by the square, upon which the Daughter is represented, as well as the Son. The *Trinity*—Father, Son and Holy Ghost, denies the Pope, Christ's *vicegerent*, a wife and family. But the Square, Father, Mother, Son and Daughter, grants him a companion, and lets him stand an *honored father* in the church. On the Square all live in the holy dual marriage relation. On the Trinity all live in free lust, (see Catholics, Protestants, convents and houses of ill-fame). Pope, Bishop and Priest ignore the marriage relation. Is it any wonder their followers do likewise? Then away with the Trinity and up with the Square. One man and one woman, everywhere, in the Capitol at Washington, in the Vatican at Rome. Away with the old three-cornered heavens, and let the North, South, East and West be responded to. Let the Daughter's voice, Christ's sister, come out from the fourth corner of heaven and resound through the earth, then will the human race be redeemed, and not till then.—*Awomen* [not Amen.]"

The doctrine of "woman's rights" is set forth in this crazy verbiage with sufficient distinctness to please the most ardent "agitator." It is needless to say, however, that "Rev. Mrs. Buffum" is not a fair representative of the "female suffrage" cause.

Chesterfield in a Composing Room.

[From the Chicago Times.]

PRINTERS are strange fellows—those on morning papers I mean, of course—and the *Tribune's* are stranger than the average. The night foreman is famous for his industry and energy, no less than his irreverence and bad manners. He is known about the office as Chesterfield; the typos, with their characteristic irony, having so christened him from his total dissimilarity to Stanhope.

Some weeks since, Greeley had written an article headed "Randall and his Times," on the subject of the Postmaster-General and the Postal Department. Coming in one evening, he sent the messenger of the editorial room to the composing room for a proof of the article. The messenger went to the foreman, and said: "Mr. Greeley wants Randall of the *Times* right away."

"I don't know any such man. He isn't about here," answered Chesterfield, curtly.

Down went the messenger with the report, to which H. G. rejoins: "It is up there, I say. Go back and tell the foreman I sent it up four hours ago."

The messenger returns with the words, "Mr. Greeley says Randall is up here; that he sent him up four hours ago, and that he must see him."

"Well, by G—d!" breaks out Chesterfield, "he isn't. I don't keep the *Times* men loafing 'round this shanty. If old Greely must see Randall, of the *Times*, let him go over there and find him, G—d d—n him!"

SCHUYLER COLFAX AS A SHOEMAKER.

On another occasion Schuyler Colfax visited the *Tribune* composing room. The foreman, the same fellow, had a rush of copy, was very busy, and did not notice Colfax at all. He was cutting up some copy and distributing the takes. Some of the printers failed to understand how the copy was to be set. Chesterfield waxed wroth, and swore like a pirate. As he came to the last take of a long report, Colfax was standing near him, and, without looking round, the foreman thrust the take into the Vice-President's hand, saying: "Solid nonpariel, G—d d—n you! You're not such a d—n fool as not to know what that is, are you?" At this juncture the managing editor introduced Colfax to Chesterfield, who simply replied, "I thought you were one of our d—n shoemakers," and went on with his work.

AS MEDICINE in the stomach mixes with the food, so it surely breeds drug disease in the system. Then stop dozing and try WOLCOTT'S Pain Paint, free of cost, at 170 Chatham square, N. Y.

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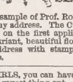

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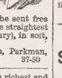

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Finally, if you are about to travel, put a copy of it in your trunk, just as much as you would pack up any good medicine against its need; or, if you desire to forget that the thermometer is up among the nineties, take a copy of it to some cool retreat and it will help you forget all the ills that flesh is heir to.

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LADIES AND GENTS, by sending 50 cents to Box 21, Camden, Preble Co., Ohio, will receive in return the address and photograph of either a male or female correspondent, as desired.

THE MI-CAREME, OR MID-LENT BALL—SCENE AT THE FALLING IN OF THE TEMPORARY PLATFORM OR FLOOR OF THE THEATRE FRANCAISE, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 242.

Terrible Death-Bed Scene.

MENTION has already been made in these columns relative to the terrible death, in Patterson, N. J., of Mr. Eckerson. The Patterson *Guardian* gives the following additional facts; a neighbor who was engaged holding Mr. Eckerson after the symptoms of hydrophobia began to manifest itself, gives a touching incident of the last scenes. Just before his death, while temporarily relieved from violent spasmodic struggles, Mr. Eckerson desired to see his wife before his death. Requiring four to six men to hold him all the time, of course it was not prudent, his wife being in the other room, and even if he were able, it was thought his dreadful condition, held by men all the while to prevent instant injury from his sudden fits or spasms, might make her worse. He begged and continued to intreat them to let him look upon his wife once more before he died, and finally his friends and neighbors could hold out no longer, and consented to take him to her, he expecting to die in the next spasm, which he knew would not be long delayed. He carefully wiped off the froth which was foaming all the while from his mouth, lest any of it should get upon her, and closing his lips tightly with a desperate effort, was borne to her bedside. Bending down his lips met those he had so often kissed in joy, love and holy affection. And then with one long look upon a face he well knew he ought not to ask to see again, he bade her a last adieu. The strong men who gazed upon the scene wept like children as they saw the dying man, who with lips still compressed, signified the necessity of being removed again from her presence and was then ready to die. Shortly afterwards, in renewed paroxysms of the dreadful complaint, death came to his relief.

A Scene in the Far West—Wild Beasts Rushing from a Fire on the Prairies.

OUR spirited engraving represents a scene familiar to the rovers and settlers in the far West; but to none others. It is a spectacle *sui generis*, and combines the elements of the picturesque, the terrible, and the grand. A glance at the engraving will convey to our readers' mind a far more forcible idea of the "situation" than any elaborately-penned article whatever.

THE REAL "TIME KEEPER" OF THE P. R.

The Elephant and the Locomotive.

A SINGULAR scene occurred recently in the neighborhood of a travelling menagerie, out West. An elephant temporarily escaped from his keepers, and seeing an approaching railroad train, took offence thereat, and asserted his majesty by planting himself, with elevated trunk, on the track full in the way of the train, which was brought by the engineer to a full stand. The monster beast was secured with difficulty, and the train proceeded to its destination.

A Mother on her Muscle.

ONE of the Dames des Halles in Paris, a respectable old huckster-woman, had a beautiful daughter, twenty-one years old, and who, some time ago, disappeared from the house of her mother. The old woman, who loved her daughter tenderly, hastened to the police *prefecture*, and begged the principal detectives to help her to recover her missing child. All their efforts, however, were in vain. The other day the despairing mother met her child on the Boulevard. She was dressed in the highest style of the *demi-monde*, and leaned upon the arm of a dissipated young dandy. The old woman bounced upon the latter, belabored his face with her brawny fists, struck out a couple of his teeth, and scratched his cheeks with her finger-nails until he presented a most pitiable appearance. His screams brought the police to his assistance, and he was rescued from the hands of the furious mother. The latter then turned upon the trembling daughter, tore her splendid silk dress into shreds, and dragged the guilty girl to her home. An immense concourse of passers-by witnessed the scene. Next day the young girl, dressed again in her humble costume, had to accompany her mother to her stand at the Halles and help her to sell vegetables. The police refused to arrest the mother.

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